

THE

CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE
ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO



OSKAR TEICHMAN



533672



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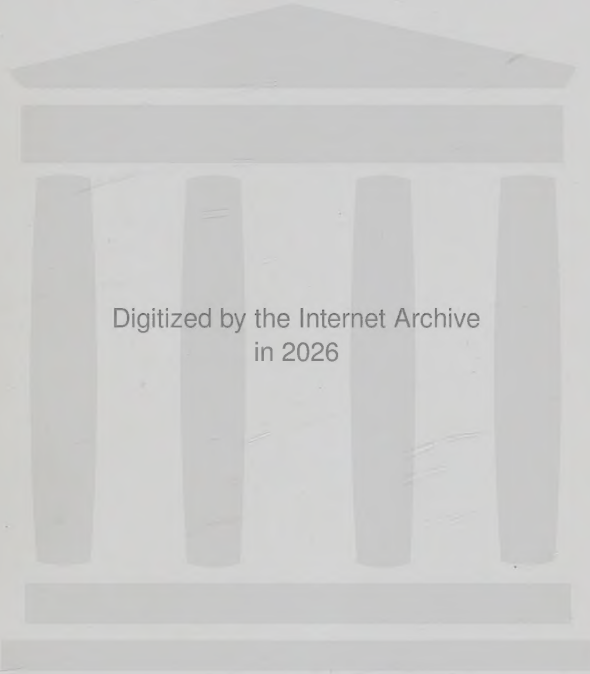
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THE
CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE
100 YEARS AGO

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THE BATTLE OF PEAS HILL

Frontispiece (See Page 68)

THE
CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE
100 YEARS AGO

*Compiled, with Extracts and
Illustrations from Contemporary
Sources by*

OSKAR TEICHMAN
D.S.O., M.C., M.A.



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Preface

OWING to the great social changes which have taken place in undergraduate life at Cambridge during the past 100 years, it has occurred to the compiler of this little volume that some account of the undergraduate in the early twenties might be of interest to the same individual of to-day. For this purpose free use has been made of the following books, published between 1823 and 1827 :—

The Cambridge Tart. (1823), this little book of University poems and epigrams was published as a counterblast to the older *Oxford Sausage*, and contains the following Wish by “Epicurus” after perusing its MSS. :—

Grant that, kind fate, when e’er I dine,
An *Oxford Sausage* may be mine ;
Nor let me want, as a dessert,
A *sizing* of the *Cambridge Tart* ;
Possessing both, I then should be
So blest, the Gods might envy me.

The Gradus ad Cantabrigiam (1824) by a “brace of Cantabs” contains an explanation of the cant terms used at Cambridge, together with the Reading and Non Reading ways of proceeding to the degree of A.B.

Facetiae Cantabrigienses. (1825) by “Socius” consists of a large number of anecdotes and verses relating to contemporary Cantabs.

Alma Mater. (1827) by a “Trinity Man,” describes life at the University during the period 1815-1822.

It was the original intention of the Author to keep strictly to the early twenties of the last century, but, in order to complete his description of the Boating, Sporting, and Reading Man, and also in order to describe the early days of the Drag, he has been lured forward into the forties : for this purpose he has drawn on that bright little book *Sketches of Cantabs* by " John Smith " (of Smith Hall) which was published in 1849, some years after he had gone down. " John Smith " tells us in his preface that the first part of his book was written " in the strictest seclusion on the Surrey side of the water," and that the concluding chapters were written at Boulogne-sur-mer, where he was forced to reside on account of the law in force regarding debtors. Let us hope that the proceeds from the sale of his book enabled him to return to his native shores !

This " harking forward " in the present volume may be excused by the reader when he realises that a considerable amount of the letterpress deals also with a period of 110 years ago.

The Author most cordially thanks all those who have allowed him to publish their verses, due acknowledgement being made in each chapter : a complete bibliography of all the books consulted is appended.

The puristic undergraduate who may cavil at the spelling in some of the extracts, notes, and quotations is informed that these are all copied *verbatim et literatim*.

April, 1926.

O. T.

Contents

	PAGE
PREFACE - - - - -	v
I. THE PASSING SHOW - - - - -	i
II. COMMENCEMENT OF TERM - - - - -	5
III. OVERHEARD IN CHAPEL - - - - -	7
IV. THE BOATING MAN - - - - -	14
V. THE READING MAN - - - - -	31
VI. THE SPORTING MAN - - - - -	36
VII. THE DRAG - - - - -	59
VIII. TOWN v. GOWN - - - - -	68
IX. THE UNION - - - - -	85
X. COLLEGE BARBERS - - - - -	91
XI. HALL - - - - -	93
XII. CANT TERMS - - - - -	96
XIII. COLLEGE NICKNAMES - - - - -	104
XIV. THE STUDENT'S FAREWELL - - - - -	107
BIBLIOGRAPHY - - - - -	108

Illustrations

(From the "Gradus")

THE BATTLE OF PEAS HILL	-	-		<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE PROCTOR AND HIS MAN	-	-		<i>Facing page 13</i>
THE VARMINT MAN TAKES HIS DEGREE			„	„ 44
FELLOW COMMONERS	-	-	-	„ „ 100

I.

The Passing Show

THE Cambridge undergraduate of to-day would hardly recognise his prototype of a hundred years ago, if the latter could be brought to life. The past century has wrought a vast change in his appearance, vernacular, sobriety, diversions, and general behaviour. We can congratulate ourselves, however, that a better type has been evolved, although we can still recognise to-day modified (and improved) specimens of the men who were in residence in the early twenties. It was not the healthy atmosphere of to-day, when a man may combine reading and sport : there appears to have been a sharp division between the reading and non-reading man : the former, at any rate up till 1831 when 2nd or Reading Trinity Boat Club was founded, took absolutely no exercise other than occasional walks when he discussed his studies with a friend : the latter consisted of Boating men, dandies, loungers, Varmint men, and Sporting men. The term Varmint appears to have been applied to the ultra-sporting or Fast men, and seems to have disappeared in the thirties. Many of these types could be distinguished by their dress—the Reading man wore a dark coat, black pantaloons, blue stockings, and, in winter, Berlin woollen gloves : he was often to be found miles from Cambridge in cap and gown. The Boating man wore his Club pantaloons, a

light coloured coat, and a shirt decorated with red and blue boats floating on the waves of the calico !

The Sporting man, on the other hand, was never seen in cap and gown, except at night, and generally wore a *Jarvey tile*, or a low-crowned-broad-brim, a pair of white swell tops, varmint inexpressibles, a flash waistcoat, a coat of nameless cut, and a highly variegated neckcloth. Nobleman, Fellow-Commoner, Hat Fellow-Commoner, Pensioner and Sizer, could each be distinguished by his gown.

Wine (the " three bottle " man was common in those days) and spirits drunk to excess, both at Wine Parties and during the day, caused a good deal of drunkenness, and this coupled with frequent visits to Barnwell and Castle End sapped the vitality of many a young hopeful, who might have steered clear of these evils, had he enjoyed the opportunity of the healthy exercise available to-day. Absence from Chapel was considered a much more serious offence than drunkenness (according to Gunning the Fellows were frequently drunk !) and as a punishment for the former, when hauled by the Dean, men were given lines of Virgil or Homer to learn by heart !

Cricket was played for a few weeks in May by a very small number of men, the first Oxford and Cambridge match taking place in 1825 : The Author of *Alma Mater* tells us that he used to " play at cricket " on Parker's Piece in 1815 from 12 till 1 o'clock. Rowing, (or rather Boating as it was called) apart from Water Parties, was indulged in by a very limited number of men in 1825, and it was not until many years later that " devotees of what was commonly regarded as a school

game occasionally practiced in obscure places, the peculiar art that they had acquired at Rugby or Eton.”*

Hack riding was common, and it probably cost no more to keep a horse in 1825 than to ride a motor bicycle a hundred years later. Hunting, Steeplechasing, tandem driving, and racing were indulged in by those who could (or could not) afford it. Real tennis and billiards were also played, the latter at Chesterton, which was outside the jurisdiction of the University, where a great deal of gambling went on.

Town *v.* Gown rows were very common in those days, partly owing to the natural exuberance of youth, which, owing to lack of games, had to find an outlet somewhere, and partly to the aggressive attitude of the numerous bargees who were employed on the Cam before the advent of railways. During a wine party it appears to have been a more or less normal procedure to run out into the street, floor a *snob*, and then return to the claret.

A little more than a hundred years ago another Great War (Blucher had recently received an honorary degree) had just terminated after interfering with many a career at the University. The Author of *Alma Mater* writing of 1816 says—“about this time a *Ten Year* man of Trinity Hall, who having just returned from the Wars, and finished slaughtering the French, had latterly taken to hewing and hacking the Latin and Greek, and pretty mangling of the latter he made, most surely, whatever might have been his achievements with the former.”

During the early part of the nineteenth century several facetious journals, “conducted by Members of the

* Venn.

University," appeared, but most of them had only a very short life : only two, comparable to our *Granta*, have stood the test of time—the *Snob*, and later, the *Gownsmen*, to both of which Thackeray contributed when an undergraduate.

King's Parade looked somewhat different a hundred years ago, owing to the fact that a row of old houses stood on the lawn immediately behind the King's College railings : and the old buildings of Caius, which faced the end of the K.P. and Trinity Street, had not then been replaced by the pretentious and elaborate erection which is so out of keeping with its surroundings.

How many rowing men who daily cross Midsummer Common know why it is so named ? Pot Fair used to be held there at Midsummer and Stourbridge Fair on the common bearing the same name in September : the latter was one of the largestⁱ_d fairs in the world, and was formally proclaimed open with much ceremony by the Vice-Chancellor on the 17th of the month. These fairs and the theatre at Barnwell were much patronised by the undergraduates, and supplied the latter with every kind of diversion.

II.

Commencement of the October Term

THE following imitation of *Horace Lib. 1 Ode IV.* on the Commencement of Term is taken from the *Gradus* 1824.

Vacation's o'er,—in every street
We soon shall many a Cantab meet ;
For hither numbers daily hie,
Or by the Tele,* or the Fly.*
Once more the halls, so desert late,
With smoking cheer, our senses greet ;
Freshmen and Sophs, with one intent,
Haste to the scene of merriment.
O'er *Alma Mater's* sacred head,
Who widely late her banner spread,
Fell solitude,—to jocund song,
Now yields her reign, usurp'd too long :
While Bacchus, rosy god of wine !
And Venus, with her joys divine,
Dispute the Empire with the Nine.
But would you reach the heights of fame,
And glory from Apollo's claim ;
Now, now, the chaplet 'gin to weave,
Now, vows to favouring heaven give.
For Death, whose unrelenting hand,

* Two celebrated coaches.

No mortal prowess can withstand,
Strikes surely, with impartial dart,
Masters' and under-graduates' heart ;
And the short space that here we tarry,—
At least "*in statu pupillari*,"
Forbids our growing hopes to germ,
Alas ! beyond the appointed term.
Nay, even now our time is o'er,
And January threatening lower,*
And warn us quickly to resign
The jovial monarchy of wine ;
To fresh-men yield the boasted claim,
As from the boards we take our name.

* The month in which the B.A. degree is taken, and which, in many instances, is the *finis fatorum* ; at least to a great portion of the "*bons vivans*."

III.

Overheard in Chapel

THE following conversations, which the author of *Alma Mater* (who was up from 1815 to 1821) states that he overheard in Trinity College Chapel, are included here as they appear to give one a good idea of the speech and behaviour of the undergraduate of one hundred years ago.

BETWEEN TWO NON-READING JUNIOR SOPHS,
R AND S.

R. Well, old cock, what sport turned up at B's last night? Your phiz, my fine fellow, looks winish—yea, the liquor's yet oozing through every pore of you.

S. Rare fun, Sir. There were six and twenty of us altogether—real good ones—nothing but trumps every one of them, Sir. There were W. J—n, M—y, J—y, and myself, of Trinity; K—g, of Jesus; K—e, of Christ's; K—y, of Emmanuel; G—y, of Caius; C—e, of Clare; Lord N., the honourable S. S., and many more prime ones.

R. Such "birds of a feather" must have made high game for you.

S. You're right, Sir. There was no lack of jollification I warrant you. We had a d—d good dinner of four courses, and lots of champagne, claret, and burgundy, to begin with. After this, Sir, round went the port and the pines, Sir, to the tune of two bottles a man, when,

leaving the young ones *catting*, the seasoned casks rolled out into the streets—flooring all the snobs from the Great Gate to Maudlin, and back again.

R. Wild work, Sir ; but what were the Proctors about ?

S. Why, Sir, just as I was finishing a huge sea-monster of a bargee down at the bridge, up comes one of them, with “ Your name and college, Sir. Gentlemen, I must insist upon your instantly dispersing,” and so forth. But my mettle being up, and my machinery in full swing, I replied by planting a settler into the meddler’s bread-basket, and we left him discussing the mud, to return to the bottle, and the queered ones behind us.

R. This must have been uproarious fun, Sir. But what think you of the after-clap ? They’ll Rusticate you, to a certainty, and were I in your shoes, I should feel ripe for Expulsion. . . .

BETWEEN TWO NON-READING SENIOR SOPHS.
M—D AND P—M.

P. Well, old man, as you stick so close to the arts, and disregard the sciences, I suppose you are *turning* over a new leaf. How long is it since you took a *turn* with the Proctor—eh ?

M. Why, but the day before yesterday, feeling all work and no play to be dull sport, I issued forth for a bit of spree with two or three of the right sort, and just as we had flushed a covey of Castle Enders ; doubling the corner of the Jesus-lane, I fell into the very jaws of the Proctor and his bull-dogs, who dogged my heels at a devil of a rate, fast as you ^{as} know I can leg it. I bolted down Jesus-lane, whirled round the corner through

Garlic-Fair lane, flew over the bridge like lightning, tumbled over a snob and snobness in Jesus Common, and without waiting to get up again, threw myself into the arms of old father Cam, and frogged it across him in a twinkling—crying yoicks ! tally-ho ! my hearties.

* * * * *

M. Wishing to wet my muzzle every now and then, just to keep it dust-tight, you know, I prevailed upon coachee the other day, to take a social button or two to warm his mouthpiece for him. So coachee, being a young bird, and not having experienced my condescensions at any time antecedent to this period, fell a munching as fast as his masticating machinery could wag. The agreeable consequence of this was, that coachee was under the necessity of dismounting his dickey at every "Public" on the road, and I, to keep him in humour, of taking a glass of max* with him.

P. Hah, hah, hah. A devilish good joke, pon honour. But what said your fellow passengers to all this ?

M. Hush, hush, don't laugh so. Why they gave coachee the character of a very naughty dissipated fellow ; and one of them, in particular, a Fellow of St. John's, threatened to complain of his conduct to his employers. But coachee disregarded this broad insinuation, and a little beyond Saffron Walden, happening to overtake a drove of *pigs*, exclaimed, with his fingers at the brim of his old pot-lid, to the Johnian aforesaid, "Going up to keep term, Sir ; going up to keep term, Sir."

* * * * *

* Gin (slang dictionary).—Ed.

P. You're a wag, my boy. But much as I like old Simeon, the Simeonites* I hate indiscriminately, as I do all serpents—yea, the old serpent himself, although, doubtless, some of these reptiles are perfectly innocuous. Those two hypocrites, whom you see with their Greek Prayer-books, *that they may lose no time in prayer, killing two birds with one stone*, and who look as if they would hand us up to the Dean for the noise we have been kicking up, I chance to know full well, and from them, as a sample, I judge of the whole cargo.

M. Well, what have they done?

P. Bitching* with me one evening, they won't pollute their holy lips with stronger waters than tea, mind ye—when I *kept* over the Queen's Gate, they discovered the important fact that the snobs and snobbesses are in the habit of making love in that sequestered spot, Trinity-lane, and immediately under my window. Now, to put down this crying sin (for such they deem "all love unknown to Pa and Ma"), they collected all the slops about my rooms, and poured it ruthlessly forth upon a happy pair, who that moment, were doubtless naming the wedding day.

M. Well, but what said the snob to so ungallant a wetting? Didn't he crack your daylights for you?

P. Both he and she were so inclined, but were unable to determine whence the shower proceeded. The fellow would have it it came from Trinity, but the lady most pertinaciously protested it issued from the window opposite—of Caius College,—so that they declined making any payment for the shower-bath they had enjoyed, certainly externally, and, in all human probability also internally.

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* See Cant terms.—Ed.

BETWEEN TWO BACHELORS OF ARTS M——Y AND W.

W. M——y, I congratulate you on getting through your degree so well. Had you fagged like some men, you would easily have got a Wranglership. But as it is, you are above the Apostles* considerably.

M. Why, but for your timely assistance, I believe I should have been St. Paul, to say the least of it. I never half-liked these same mathematics, and “for why,” as Professor Farish has it? I had no natural relish for the labour they require to get into them. Were you at the Mill in Christ’s piece last night? I gave a snob it in a style which he won’t seek a second time, I think. I served him out, Sir.

W. It’s fine fun, truly, to be battering these horny-hided fellows. I cannot discover, for my part, what pleasures, you, F——r, G——y, and a few more, can derive from this milling system, as you call it. It would, surely, be more amusing as well as less painful, to be hammering on with the Greeks and the Romans, or even with Euclid, or Newton, and it would certainly be more permanently glorious.

M. You’ve no taste for the sport, because you have no mettle, my lad—I mean no weight of mettle. A regular bargee would smash such a *light-fingered*, lady-handed Lilliputian as you at a blow. You, therefore, wisely disapprove of these scenes altogether.

W. No; there have been some encounters which all must applaud. For instance, some bargemen, a little time since, were insulting most grossly, and without any provocation, two light-timbered gowmsmen, who were *boating* opposite Queen’s Gardens, G——y, observing the

* See Cant terms.—Ed.

cowardly attack, offered himself as a customer, and being accepted, gave them, one after the other, such a threshing as they will remember to the last day of their lives.

M. That was devilish noble, and masterly of G——y.

W. Another scene of the kind I witnessed myself a few days back. El——t, of St. John's was escorting two ladies, apparently his sisters, from the country, in front of St. Mary's when two lounging snobs insinuated, *en passant*, something derogatory to the virtue of these ladies. It was a *blow and no word* with El——t (who boxes as well as the best of you, I am told) ; for letting go the ladies, he floored the rascals right and left, and would have demolished them but for the interference of the *κατ' ἐξὸς* M.A., magistrate. The whole battle, which took place in the broad face of day, was over in five minutes, so lustily did he lay it into them.

M. He is a real good one, is that El——t. He was, perhaps next to G——y, the greatest hero at the memorable battle of Pease Hill.

* * * * *

BETWEEN A NOBLEMAN, LORD N., AND M.A., HIS PRIVATE TUTOR.

M. A. I am proud to hear from the Lecturer, your lordship distinguishes your self so honourably in the Greek Play.

Lord N. You are pleased to flatter. Were I but a commoner, and deprived of your very able preparations, I should cut but an ignoble figure in the Lecture-room, especially amongst those who have had the same advantage as myself whilst at Eton, or other great schools.



M.A.

NOBLEMAN

PROCTOR AND HIS MAN

D.D.

LL.D.

M.D.

M. A. Then your lordship would ascribe to my poor efforts the superiority your natural talents, as well as the rank you hold in society, so justly entitle you to? This is one of the innumerable instances of your lordship's condescension and greatness of mind I have had the honour to experience during the short but envied happiness of your lordship's friendship.

Lord N. Indeed, my dear Sir, you greatly over-rate me. *Nil humani a me alienum puto*, and although I am nobly born, I don't think myself one whit better for the blood that flowed in the vein of my ancestors. I do, nevertheless, feel an anxiety to support the character my forefathers acquired for me, and will do my utmost to preserve it.

M. A. Your lordship cannot deviate from the path prescribed to you for so many generations. It were contrary to the laws of nature. . . .

IV.

The Boating Man*

IN the early part of the 19th century the Cam was still an important highway, along which barges brought coal, sedge, turf, and provisions (including wine from the cellars of King's Lynn) to Cambridge. The bargees were a rough lot and soon became the inveterate enemies of the undergraduates who were beginning to patronise the river. Before the year 1825 funnies, canoes, pair-oars, four-oars and an occasional six-oar were the only boats seen on the Cam, these being let out to undergraduates for picnics and water-parties : some of the larger boats were heavy and strongly built to enable them to make excursions to Ely, Littleport, and even to King's Lynn and the Wash. College Boat Clubs and races had not been instituted in those days, but occasionally one water-party would challenge another when they met (vide the race between the Glory and the Stag described below). There are few references to boating before 1825 in old books on Cambridge, but the author of "*Alma Mater*" describes the "gay men" of the year 1815 going a boating to Cherry Hinton, Fen Ditton or Granchester : and in the *Gradus ad Cantabrigiam* (1824) we read of the "Varmint Man" making up a water party, going down the "Camus" in a six-oar

* This term was used during the first half of the 19th century. A rowing man meant in those days a rowdy man.—Ed.

and dining at Clayhive (sic). Perhaps the best description of the boating man in those days is given in a letter written at Cambridge on March 6th, 1822, and subsequently published in the *Facetiae Cantabrigienses* in 1823. This letter is too lengthy to incorporate in full in this little volume, but the following extracts will give the rowing man of to-day some idea of what his prototype of over a hundred years ago was like :—

“ You will think a description of “ Water-Parties,” at this time of the year, a curious commencement of my correspondence ; but the fact is, that owing to the late extreme mildness of the weather, they have been more frequent during the last month than at any former period of my residence. At breakfast parties, some men are not quite awake ; with others the thought of lectures intrude ; at wine parties, reserve is not always thrown off until the wine has begun to take effect ; and, at supper-parties, “ I must be in before twelve or I shall be hauled up before the master ”—“ I must go home to prepare for lecture ”—“ I’m d——d sleepy ”—“ Well, good night old boy ” I must get up early to-morrow to hunt ”—are continually grating upon our ears, and marring our comfort.

But in water-parties there is no drawback of this sort. The men who form it are in general well acquainted, have a day of comparative idleness before them and are previously resolved to be social and jolly.

Under the influence of such feelings, a party of us, consisting of S——, K——, and G—— of Christ’s College ; H—— of Clare ; B——, of Pembroke ; C—— of Jesus, I—— of Trinity, and myself, sallied out on one of the finest days of last week, to man the *Glory*, a six-

oared boat of Cross's. As we rowed in a leisurely way down the stream, some members of our crew gave vent to their feelings in poetical effusions. We could see, by the shrewd mathematical face with which H—— was regarding his oar, that anything but poetry occupied *his* attention : he was in fact enumerating the number of strokes given in " t " ; and the newly acquired velocity after each impulse. C—— was rather offended at his observing, he had found it, on calculation, pretty much the same whether C—— pulled or not.

Loud was the laughter after each effusion, and numberless the jests which were passed, and lo ! while I am tarrying with you, our boat has arrived at Chesterton locks.

" Here, S—— you Christian* son of a gun ! come and apply your fat carcass to this lock." " That's your sort." " T——, take care of that oar, and pull it out of the rullucks." " Here give me the boat hook and keep off the side." " By jingo, here's F——." Verily I'm astounded " (F——, answers,) I prophesy you'll be heartily sick of your motions, at least those of the oar, before you get far ; for if you look forward you will observe a party in the *Stag*, resting on their oars, and waiting, in order to give you the benefit of a good sweating—so look to it." " The Devil they are ! Come my boys, have a regard to your characters."

" H——, give the stroke." " That will do," " Go it," " Now we are even." " *Incumbite remis.*" Having kept together, boat for boat, for upwards of a mile, some fears came upon me that we might go on *ad infinitum*—and, feeling that my strength would not

* A Christ's man.—Ed.

proceed in the same ratio, I thought proper to give a few small hints on the subject of dropping the contest. "I think we are great asses for thus fagging ourselves." No corresponding effect; the men determined to be asses. "It's a devilish ungentlemanly thing to sweat ourselves in this manner like bargemen." All in vain. "Hang it T——, you've got no pluck; pull away my hearty." On we went, at the rate of at least twenty miles an hour, all for *glory*, when fortunately for me, just at this critical time, a poor wight in a canoe, who, I dare say, thought it every wit as ungentlemanly as I did to row so fast, unable to clear both boats in time, was very nearly run down by us. There were really very many of our party who were so inhuman as to wish to leave him to sink or swim; but I very magnanimously prevailed upon them to row back to his assistance. It was a long time before we could persuade the poor fellow that he was not drowned; and, when this was effected, he was so pleased, that he forgot to row us for upsetting him, but seemed half inclined to thank us for the honour we had done him.

We now gallantly pursued our course, although the Stag was too far ahead to give us hopes of overtaking it—"How very unfortunate! we were just beating them! blow our friend of the canoe!" We could gain from the burden of our antagonist's song, that they modestly ascribed to their boat the honour of victory:—

"Merrily merrily, goes the Bark!
Before the gale she bounds;
So bounds the dolphin from the shark,
Or the *deer* before the hounds."

Now our boat had had *glory* enough. We therefore

thought proper to assume the present merit to ourselves ; and as the Stagmites did not seem inclined to raise the "*io triumphe* of victory," we lifted our voices in the famous boat song from the *Lady of the Lake*.

After "p" strokes (when p is very small) we bore down majestically upon Backsbite, and arrived "t" after our opponents. They of the Stag having eyed us askance for a bit, passed through the locks, while we remained stationary to feed.

In front of a house of public entertainment which stands on Backsbite locks, is a small paddock where the snobs assemble to regale themselves in the summer, and which, till the dinner we had brought with us was prepared, was destined to form the theatre of our gambols. In a moment were were all engaged in exhibiting our agility at leap frog, or in leaping the bar ; and soon after in a game of quoits for the damage of the party. My companions having at length concluded their game, are making such a confounded noise, that, if I wish any dinner, I must lay this aside at present and attend them.

"*Huzza—Regular case of floor.*"

"*I say B——, how are you off for dinner ? damn the expense.*"

"*Holloa you chap ! is dinner ready ?*" " *Yes, Sir.*"

"*Then devil take the hindmost.*"

I should protract this letter to a most unconscionable length, were I to relate how much we ate, laughed, and talked ; I will thank you, therefore, to imagine whatever you please (so that it be good), and to suppose us once more re-embarking in the *Glory*.

"Now then ! off she goes." "Go your rigs, my

boys." And as with a segar in my mouth, I had just taken my place quietly at the helm, I was no longer backward in my exhortations and reprobations of their laziness ; In our progress up the stream, our boat, to a spectator from the bank, must have had a remarkably fine effect. Owing I suppose to the wine and malt, whose potency was so visible on some that G—— and S—— invariably missed the water, crabs and backslidings were of common occurrence.

After about a mile we overtook a long string of barges, towed by three horses, with three or four men on board. As they kept in the middle of the river, leaving us little space for the use of our oars, we made several vain attempts to pass without success. Now Cambridge men, be it known, are mightily fond of having their own way. Some irascible feelings were, therefore, I am compelled to say, made manifest upon the occasion. As to myself, as I make it a rule never to be in a passion, I mightily enjoyed the contrast of fire on one side and ice on the other. Here one old bargee, without deigning to attend to us, busily employed himself in haranguing his horse in the bargee lingo. Another, with a face of the most imperturbable calmness, was leaning upon the tiller, and staring as he smoked his pipe, with the greatest unconcern, both at us and our efforts : A third, in reply to our swearing and blustering, derided us with " dom it, you don't pool,—pool away." Cambridge blood could bear no more ; rhetoric was vain, and patience vainer ; the barges were boarded and the helm usurped, and, as they were so impudent as to aver that they were the better steerers, we were under the disagreeable necessity of cutting their ropes, and then left them,

flattering ourselves we had effectually roused them from their lethargic calmness, and reversed the fire and ice. I will not say that a black eye or so was not the consequence of this skirmish, but this only served to enhance the pleasure ; it sobered some and roused others ; so that in the midst of jests, of black eyes, and rainbows, etc., all in Byronite style, we proceeded at a very respectable rate towards Cambridge.

It was half past five, and some of the Chapel bells were ringing, as we arrived at Barnwell Pool, which is distant half a mile from the University. The right bank of the river was fringed with its constant willows ; and on the left the undulating turf, the broken state of the ground, and the appearance of “ruined ruins” in the background, told that, in years past, this spot had been the residence of other beings. This ground had formerly been the site of the Barnwell Nunnery. In my usual manner I felt very much inclined to moralize on the fate of the pale and melancholy girls who had once walked and prayed there. But unfortunately for my sentimental ideas, I heard H—— and B—— in a violent dispute on a calculation of the odds against these pale girls remaining nuns for one week, supposing the nunnery still to exist. They at last came to a conclusion ; but the odds were so enormous, that I am afraid of inserting them here ; lest our mathematical talents should be questioned by some, who know not, so well as you or I, that in being :—

“The first to scale a lady’s bower,” some Cambridge men would not yield to any Don Juan that ever existed.

Still moralizing I unfortunately turned the rudder the wrong way, and made a sort of a tack :—

"Holloa T——, what the devil are you at?"—"Oh! in the heroics."

"Well throw them off at present, or your long face may infect us—and K—— begins to look pathetic."

"Come, let's at least go in in style."

And this I believe we did; for, though I personally perceived one or two gownsmen laughing, yet, to counterbalance this, old Cross put on a most insinuating smile, and told us we "kim in wall." I daresay he was right.

The day commenced in merriment, was concluded in noise, and if any of us retired sober to bed, it was not the fault of S——'s claret. . . .

In 1825 the Trinity and L. M. B. C. Boat Clubs were formed, the former procuring an eight-oar from London and the latter one from Eton. These two crews used to row bumping races when they met on the river, the cox of each being equipped with a bugle to intimate his whereabouts to the rival boat. The rowing man of to-day will smile when he reads that these eights were only 38 feet long but 5 feet wide and 25 inches deep.*

In 1827 the Caius, Third Trinity, Jesus, Emmanuel, and University Boat Clubs were formed, and a regular system of racing was organised. At this date the eights were still used for picnics and water parties which often interfered with the arrangements for a boat race. The John's boat used to carry a "tin Panthermanticon" containing two kettles, nine plates, four dishes, a canvas table with irons and screws, charcoal bag, a phosphorous bottle, and a host of other pic-niceries."* No doubt the

* *Aquatic Notes.*

gay spirits who manned the Glory in 1822 carried a similar outfit. In 1829 a Magdalene crew appeared in the races owing to a threat from the rest of the college to take away their boat and use it entirely as a pleasure boat. In 1831 Queen's appeared for the first time in the races, the boat being known as the Teakettle, because Queen's men were supposed to drink tea extensively. In those days a man could not join his College Boat Club until he had been elected a member, the formation of a "good-set" being considered very important. We are told that some undergraduates joined as gentlemen (non-rowing members) others as rowers. The races (up till 1835) started just above Chesterton locks (abolished in 1835) opposite the Pike and Eel and finished at the spot where First Trinity boathouse now stands.

The following description of the Boating Cantab is taken from *Sketches of Cantabs* (by John Smith) and deals with the year 1845, when First having bumped Caius in the previous year, had some strenuous races with L.M.B.C. for the headship; it is unnecessary to add that it was written by a non-rowing man:—

"The thorough-paced boating undergraduate begins to feel existence sweet when the time for the "pair-oars" and "sculls" comes on. His first act will most probably be to purchase a small blank book in which to register his bets. About this period also, a new pair of club pantaloons will become necessary with sundry other articles, not to speak of a few fancy shirts with red and blue boats floating on the waves of calico. Thus accoutred he takes his stand upon the steps of Trinity, and feels that life has indeed set in.

Perhaps it may be expected of me that I should give in this place some account of the mysteries of training. But this is a subject on which I feel myself incompetent to speak. I am in the habit of eating vegetables all the year round, and most commonly of taking a cigar after my dinner. I have at present no symptoms of a heart-complaint ; I can sit down upon a chair without first putting a pillow under me, and if I were to prick my finger in any part with a pin, blood would come out, and not water. It is consequently not in my power to speak from experience. But I have heard of some pleasures that are so exquisite, that they can hardly at times be distinguished from pain. I am inclined to put down training as one of these exquisite pleasures.

And, indeed my knowledge of the boating undergraduate when engaged in the active pursuit of his profession, is altogether so small, that I don't know whether it would not be better simply to give a short account of a scene which I once saw on the noble Cam, in company with an aquatic friend. It was in those ever memorable days when St. John's and Trinity were contending for the first place, that we sailed out of the noble gateway of our college, on one fine evening of May. Streams of young gentlemen (some in flannel trousers and bundles under their arms, others with flags, others in the black cloth pantaloons, and blue stockings of every-day Johnian costume) were pouring down to the appointed place, reminding me of Newgate Street on the morning of a favourite execution. Arrived at a jutting promontory opposite the village of Chesterton, we were ferried across for the sum of one penny, and a brisk walk through the assembling crowd brought

us to the neighbourhood of the "Plough Inn," where I could see young gentlemen descending from their horses in the midst of a galaxy of female beauty. I was employed in listening to the details of an adventure at whist which somebody was relating to his friend across the water, when my attention was distracted by the appearance of three gallant barks, manned by stalwart and perspiring figures, whose bare arms and athletic chests glistened in the sunshine. They paused for a moment to perform the mystic ceremony of taking down their flags (blue with cameleopard's head growing out of a gothic turret for the crest; simple green; and vermillion garnished with stars) and then at the question "are you ready?" put to them by the coxswain, expressed themselves in the affirmative, by dashing their oars through the water at a frightful pace.

This was exciting enough in all conscience, but after a while we had some more, and then some more still, till I began to wonder where they all came from, and whether the river didn't run round in a circle, so that I was seeing the same crews over again, like the procession of two hundred and fifty armed men in the infantine theatres. As soon as this thought occurred to me, I determined to watch the next bark narrowly, so as to guard against the possibility of imposition. However, no more hove in sight, but an enormous machine made its appearance, towed by horses, and to look at, something between Noah's ark and the Spanish man-of-war—of the time of the armada. From this wooden leviathan about fifty young gentlemen came down, and the sound of their bets, and the odour of their cabbage leaves, swept

together along the evening breeze. Frantic men with dishevelled hair sculled up in miraculously small out-riggers, and mooring them to the "Plough" opposite, came over in a punt, prepared to run panting, shirtless, and dirty, along-side of the contending boats, and cheer their friends with bare, outstretched arms and frantic yells.

About this time my aquatic mentor, who is of a more sanguine temperament than myself, and who besides had various shillings and half-crowns depending upon the issue of the struggle, begged me to move from the place where we were standing, and accompany him to the starting post.

"What's the use of that?" I replied. "I would much sooner see them in full swing. Besides which are we not opposite the 'Plough,' where I can observe the aristocracy of Cambridge? No, I should prefer not to move."

"Do as you like" he replied, "but you will not be able to keep that position, I warn you."

"Why not," said I, but he was off like a whirlwind, and I was left alone in my new pepper and salt cutaway and pink joinville to brave the stare of the passers by. Suddenly a gun was fired off—it was succeeded after a short pause by a second—and finally a third report. The change which took place in the disposition of the groups on all sides, now convinced me that the great event of the day was about to come off. Nowhere was this change so apparent as at the "Plough" over the water (I love the Plough). The vacant faces that had been gazing out of the bow-window at the end of their pipes, now beamed upon the lawn; reading men tossed

off their lemonade, and coquettes laid down their half and half. Every one thronged to the river's edge ; even the dogs partook of the general excitement, and left off fighting to look from between their masters' legs in the direction from which the boats were expected.

It is impossible not to acknowledge that my senses partook of this universal delirium. I too gazed towards the same quarter as the men, and the women, and the dogs, and presently a sound as of the roaring of many voices, and the scuffling of many feet smote upon my ear. At the same time I beheld my own boat, the boat of my own college, the boat of my own club, drawing round the distant point (I don't know what you call it) first, still first ! My loyal heart thumped against my bosom. I was no longer myself, I was intoxicated, wild with joy !—If you had put me on a horse at that instant I could have ridden him at a ditch ! But suddenly my attention was withdrawn from the victorious craft, wherein rested my hopes and fears, to an enormous multitude who were rapidly approaching the spot whereon I stood, in the narrow towing path which skirts the river, and from which there is no mode of egress, but the majestic Cam in front, and a scarcely less extensive ditch in the rear.

Shall I confess to having experienced a sensation of fear ? Yes, it will be as well, for I *did*. I am a corpulent person, and I saw that I should be borne by that great crowd without a straw to cling to, without a hope of salvation.

†Under these circumstances, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth himself, though rendered familiar by his own novels with situations of peril, might have been excused for

trembling. Ah ! I wish I had his fine pen to describe my sensations. In that brief moment I recalled to mind all the instances I had heard of persons being trampled to death by an infuriate mob.

I addressed myself to flight. I had fully fifty yards' start, and might hope to distance them yet. I turned my back accordingly upon the boats, the multitude and everything else, and set off at the rate of seven miles an hour. But alas it was in vain ! Louder and louder came the cries from behind me, nearer and nearer the footsteps, and turning round my head I discovered to my dismay that full twenty half-naked figures brandishing their fists, and yooing like Indians, were upon my heels. I could see their great unbrushed heads of hair gleaming like crests, in the sunshine. I could mark their raw, blistered hands and hirsute arms outspread in the evening air. It seemed like some horrible rite. The scene swam before me. A shove, a kick, and a round oath, and I felt myself going neck and crop into the waters of the gigantic river.

When I awoke I found myself sitting on the damp bank, under the care of my friend, who was putting the lighted end of a cigar in my mouth to revive me, and calling me a fool. Since that awful day I have not revisited the boats.

I have, however, met the boating man in society, and am able to a certain extent to speak to his character when off duty. On these occasions I have found him affable and courteous towards those who do not know so much as himself. His conversation is of bumping, and fouling, and out-riggers, and Combe, and Grassey, but he will explain to you the rudiments of the science

in an intelligible and familiar way, "cutting a crab" says he "Is this—suppose this butter is water and my knife the oar. Well you see, etc." If he be of a waggish turn, he will sometimes insert a notice in "Bell's Life" to the effect that an eight-oared match has just taken place between Mr. W. Whewell's and Mr. W. H. Thompson's crews, the fun of which other boating men having found out, laugh. The greatest men in the world he considers to be Rollocks, who pulled so wonderfully that year in the Oxford *v.* Cambridge, and Cocky, whose choice songs and comic sayings are the delight of his club. Indeed, I have heard that these gentlemen are fêted and petted, and looked up to in their own society, just as much as we should look up to Rogers or Macaulay. And so they are—the Rogers and Macaulay of their own staircase. For who has not read that beautiful piece of English composition by the one, entitled "Address to the Members of the Trinity (4th) on having a new club boat built," and that touching ballad by the other, which, as every reader may not chance to possess a copy, I will take the liberty of appending whole.

You may sing of the joys of the gun and the bat,
Of winging a bird as he flies, Sir,
Of hunting the hare-skin, and running the rat,
And fighting a cock without eyes, Sir,
You may tell the sweet raptures of courting a lass,
And shooting a bolt from love's quiver,
But what in the world can those pleasures surpass,
That we boating gents find on the river?
Tol de diddle tol lol, etc.

When the Chapel bell tolls, as the herald of day,
And bright Phoebus exhibits his noddle,
And the mists of the night are all clearing away,
To the " Piece " in our great-coats we toddle,
When to keep up our wind three times round it we run,
And return with a pain in the liver,
But what does it matter, my boys, when there's fun
To be found every night on the river ?

Then there's breakfast you know, where stale bread's all
the go,
With beef-steaks as raw as my hand, Sirs,
And cigars were forbid 'cause they make us to blow,
And the nymphs 'cause they keep us on land, Sirs ;
Next our blisters we scrub with the ointment they dub,
Dr. Holloway's sweet " Solace-giver,"
But what though it pain us—aye there is the rub,
When it's all for the sake of the river ?

At length comes the night, fraught with joy and delight
Of the races—By Jove it's like heaven,
With the men at the Plough, calling out " Go it bow,"
And the men on the path " Go it seven ! "
Then awaiting the gun, that announces the fun
For an hour in our jerseys we shiver,
And " Two," a young fool, that has scarcely left school,
Cries " can *this* be the fun of the river ? "

Hark, the gun has gone thrice, and now off in a trice,
With the Johnians we're soon on a level,
When Hicks who's no dab with his oar cuts a crab,
And our coxswain he swears like the devil.

Still we gain, Sirs, we gain ! now we've bumped them 'tis
plain,

How our hearts with excitement they quiver !
——And we'll wap that young Hicks, since he might by
his tricks,
Have lost us a place on the river !

I have heard songs very much like the above, spoken
of as “ d——d clever, written by the fellow himself,
upon my word and honour,” but those who wish to
hear more of the kind, will have to frequent more often
than the writer has found it agreeable to do, the Supper-
parties of the Boating Undergraduate.

V.

The Reading Man

THE *Gradus* (1824) gives the following definition of a Reading Man :—one whose mind is devoted to nothing else but the study of mathematics : one who, though naturally, perhaps of a peacable, quite temper, and disposition, so congenial to study, yet whose highest ambition is to be accounted the greatest WRANGLER in the University !

“ Hence, loathed Mathematics !
Of lecturer and blackest tutor born,
In lecture room forlorn,
'Mongst horrid quizzes, bloods, and bucks unholy :
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where pallid study spreads his midnight wings,
And dismal ditties sings ;
There, midst unhallow'd souls, with sapless brain,
Compose thy sober train,
And in the mind of Reading Quizzes dwell.”

“ In garrets dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns,
And now intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship and fines.”

The same work gives the following description of how a Reading Man proceeds to his degree—

“ He attends lectures regularly, never misses chapel,

dines nearly always in hall, takes moderate exercise, is rarely out of College after the gates are shut, reads twelve hours a day, strives hard to get prizes and medals, always obtains a scholarship, seldom gets "a little the worse for liquor," gives no swell parties, runs very little into debt, takes his cup of bitch* at night, and goes quietly to bed, and thus he passes his time in a way a Varmint man would despise. These are the men who run off with all the prizes and obtain wranglers' degrees, who get made fellows and tutors, and who become eventually the principal men in the University. But these are by no means the most gifted men, the men of the most brilliant talent, or greatest genius. But they are the *steady* men, who owe all their knowledge to hard reading, and desperate perseverance in study."

According to *Sketches of Cantabs*, published some twenty years later, the Reading Man rose at 6 a.m., after a feverish sleep, the occupant of the next room having heard frightful and Aristophanic sounds coming through the partition in the dead of night : the former had been involved in a terrible dance with all sorts of mathematical figures, and had received a personal insult from a triangle. After an hour's reading he attends Chapel and coming out falls in with a friend, whom he taps on the shoulder, asking him how he gets on with his conics. Finally he asks him to breakfast, where jam is produced to an unlimited extent. At breakfast their conversation is of scholarships, triposes, and medals. At 9 he starts off to a mathematical lecture, and at 10 goes to hear Tomkins lecture on Plato. He conscientiously believes that Tomkins is

* Tea.—Ed.

known all over England, and that he causes a great sensation in walking down Regent Street or the Strand. At 11 he rushes to Mr. Coacher, his private tutor, and from 12 to 2 is hard at work upon his Greek Ode, which must obtain (if the examiners are only impartial) the Brown medal.

At 2 o'clock he set off for Granchester with a friend, in a pair of Berlin wool gloves, and the tails of his coat flapping in the air. If he be a Johnian he will probably take his constitutional in cap and gown. His theme of conversation is the usual one, and he returns to Hall with the early dawn of an appetite. After dinner, he goes off to a friend to indulge in a biscuit and a glass of wine; warming with his second glass of port (sold as such) he will give you an account of how he once shirked a lecture, and incensed the Junior Dean by only going to seven Chapels. On these occasions he glories in the reputation for fastness which the recital obtains for him among his companions. (In years to come he will exclaim, "By Gad, Sir, I was a devil of a young rake during my college career!") At 6 he hurries off to his room once more, after carefully selecting his own cap and gown from the heap, and remains wrapt in study till 10 o'clock; he then partakes of tea and jam, and perhaps an egg, if it be a festive occasion. After his three years he comes out as a high classic, or a wrangler; takes pupils, obtains a fellowship, and dies ultimately at an advanced age in the possession of a college living, virtuous, ignorant, happy and beloved.

The following anecdote concerning a Reading Man occurs in *Facetiae Cantabrigienses* :—

A lady, whose nephew was a student at Cambridge, meeting a Cantab, an acquaintance, asked him, how he conducted himself? "Why truly madam," was the reply, "he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine Hall!" "I protest," she said, "I feared as much; he was always hankering after the *wenches* from a boy."

That even Reading Men however were sometimes human, is shown by the following description of a scholar's adventure just over a hundred years ago.

LINES ON SIX MAIDS BATHING IN THE RIVER CAM

BY THO. RANDOLPH, Trin. Coll.

When bashful daylight now was gone,
And night, that hides a blush, came on,
Six pretty nymphs, to wash away
The sweating of a summer's day,
In Cam's fair stream did gently swim,
And naked bathe each curious limb.
O! who had this blest sight have seen,
Would think that they had Cloelias been?
A scholar that a walk did take,
(Perchance for meditation's sake)
This better object chanc'd to find,
Straight all things else were out of mind;
What fitter study in his life,
For practice or contemplative.—
He thought poor soul, what he had seen,
Diana and her nymphs had been.
And therefore thought in piteous fear,

* *Cambridge Tart*, 1823.

Acteon's fortunes had been near.
Or that the water nymphs they were
Together met to sport them there.
And that to him such love they bore,
As unto *Hilas* once before.
What could he think, but that his eye
Six nymphs at once did there espy
Rise from the waves? Or that perchance
Fresh water *Syrens* came to dance
Upon the stream, with tongue and look
To tempt poor scholars from their book?
He could not think they *Graces* were,
Because their number doubled are.
Nor can he think they *Muses* be,
Because their number wanted three.
I should have rather guess'd that there
Another brood of *Helens* were.
The maids betray'd, were in a fright.
And blush'd, but 'twas not seen by *Night*.
At last all by the bank did stand,
And he, kind heart, lent them his hand,
Guess Lovers, guess,—guess you that dare,
What then might be this scholar's pray'r?
That he had been a cat to spy,
Or had he now *Siberia's* eye.
Yet since his wishes were in vain,
He help'd them on their clothes again,
Makes promise there shall none be slent,
So with him to a tavern went.
Guess, you who have a mind to know,
Whether he were a *fool* or no.

VI.

The Sporting Man

IN 1815 (according to *Alma Mater*) Non-Reading Men were known as Gay Men or Varmint Men : In the *Gradus* (1824) they are sub-divided into Loungers, Dandies, Bucks, Bloods, Johns, Nimrods, etc. : in the forties, however, we read chiefly of the Sporting Cantab and the Fast Cantab. It is impossible to enter into the vagaries of all the types mentioned above in this chapter, and we will therefore confine ourselves to the Varmint man and the Sporting Cantab, which will carry us over a period of twenty years. The Varmint Man appears to have been a peculiarly unpleasant sort of person (who happily has become extinct !) and can be well visualised from the following description in the *Gradus* (1824).

“Now the *varmint* way to proceed to B.A. degree is this—Cut Lectures, go to Chapel as little as possible, dine in hall seldom more than once a week, give *Gaudies* and *Spreads*, keep a horse or two, go to Newmarket, attend the six-mile bottom, drive a drag, wear *varmint* clothes and well-built coats, be up to smoke, a rum one at Barnwell,* a regular go at New Zealand,* a staunch admirer of the bottle, and care a damn for no man. “At lucre or renown let others aim,” for a *varmint*-man spurns a scholarship, would consider it a degradation to

* Celebrated as the residences of the Cyprian tribes.

be a fellow ; and as for taking an *honour*, it would be about the very last idea that could enter his head. What cares he for Tutors or Proctors, for Masters or Vice-chancellors, since his whole aim is pleasure and amusement, since a day's hard reading would drive him half mad or give him the blue devils ; since subordination is a word of the meaning of which he professes to be ignorant ; and since rows and spree are the delight of his soul. He is never seen in academics till hall time, or towards evening, and then only puts them on for "*dacency's sake*," or because it is a custom throughout the "*varsity*." But in the day, he is seen in a *Jarvey* tile, or a low-crowned-broad-brim, a pair of white swell tops, *varmint* inexpressibles, a regular flash waistcoat, and his coat of a nameless cut ; his "*cloth*" of the most uncommon pattern, tied after his own way, and a short crookt-stick or bit o' plant in his hand ; and thus he goes out riding : or he may dress differently, and lounge through the streets, always in company with a friend or two, visiting saddlers, milliners, barbers, bootmakers, and tailors ; or looking in at a friend's rooms, and to arrange matters for the day : or, if fine, he may make up a water-party, if in the summer term, and go down the Camus in a six-oar, dine at Clayhive, or Ditton, or take a snack at Chesterton, and return in the evening ; or he may walk out to Chesterton to play at billiards, and return *plus* or *minus* the sum he started with ; or he may drive out in a buggy ; or do fifty other things, and enter into fifty other schemes, all productive of amusement. In the evening he dines at his own rooms, or at those of a friend, and afterwards blows a cloud, puffs at a segar, and drinks copiously. He then sings a

song, tells a story, comments on the events of the day, talks of horses, gives his opinion on the ensuing race between Highflyer and Emilius, or makes bets on the late fight between *Spring* and *Langan*. After this the whole party sit down to unlimited loo, and half-guinea, or guinea points, and here again he comes off *plus* or *minus* £40 or £50. If he has lost, he is in no way concerned at it, for he is sure of winning as much the succeeding night; he therefore takes his glass or sits down to supper, and gets to bed about two or three in the morning. Determined to *sleep a few*, and after having cast off his habiliments, he hops into bed, and snores—*somno vinoque gravatus*, till about six in the evening, and then gets up more sleepy than ever. He dresses; but having no appetite, eats nothing, drinks a glass of soda-water, and walks to a friend's rooms, where he relates his adventures and excites the risibility of his auditors. He then resolves on a ride, and without toggling for the occasion, just puts on his tile and mounts his prad. Determining to be very steady and sober for the future, *i.e.* for the next twelve hours, he urges his steed along the Trumpington Road, goes out by the Shelford Common, and returns home between eight and nine. He then feels as if he could eat something, and accordingly he does, by way of supper, and retires to his rooms, with an intention of being quiet, and in order to go early to bed. But lo! he is told by his *Gyp* that the Master or Dean has sent a message desiring to see him the next morning. Well knowing what this is for, he *goeth* to bed and cons over in his own mind what to say in extenuation of his irregularities, and so *falleth* to sleep. Next day, he calls at the appointed time,

when the M.C. with a countenance not to be surpassed in gravity, informs him for the last week he has been very irregular, and requires an account of the circumstances which occasioned the said irregularity. For the *gate-bill* thus standeth : Monday night, out till 3 o'clock ; Tuesday $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 ; Wednesday $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 ; Thursday $\frac{1}{4}$ past 3 ; Friday $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 ; Saturday—*all night*. His excuses are that he has been at different parties, where he was detained late, and where he has found the society so agreeable, and the time fly so imperceptibly fast, that morning has broke in upon him ere he imagined it was an hour past midnight. This draws down a very heavy invective against parties altogether, and a still longer and more tedious lecture on the dangerous tendency of such conduct, so directly opposite to the laws and discipline of the University ; and a conclusive paragraph containing (amongst other things) a pardon for past offences, but with an assurance that a repetition of similar conduct cannot but meet with a concomitant cheque in proportion to its enormity, in either rustication or expulsion. Thus dismissed the august presence, he recounts this jobation to his friends, and enters into a discourse on masters, deans, tutors, and proctors, and votes chapel a *bore*, and *gates* a complete nuisance. But is this all ? No. He has resolved to treat the *dons* with contempt, and go on more gaily than ever. Accordingly he cuts chapel, and issues forth at night *sine* cap and gown, with a segar in his mouth. He is determined to have a lark with two or three more, and away they go. While they are pulling the girls about in the streets, up comes the Proctor : “ Pray, Sir, may I ask if you are a member of the University ? ”

—"Yes, Sir, I am."—"Your name and college, Sir, if you please." It is given without the least hesitation. The next morning a bull-dog calls on Mr. Varmint, to deliver a message from the Proctor, viz. :—That he is fined 6s. 8d. for being in the streets without his cap and gown, and that he would be glad to see him at 12 o'clock that day. Now he has to call on the Proctor, and in he goes with a very surly countenance. The Proctor puts on one of his most severe phizzes, and informs him that his conduct in the streets last night was most ungentlemanlike and improper, against every rule of order and propriety, and in open opposition to the Academic discipline, and contempt of him and his office. That such conduct deserved much severer chastisement than he was willing to inflict, but that he should be neglecting the duty he owed to his office and the University if he overlooked it. He therefore desires him to get three hundred verses of Homer's *Iliad*, Book 2d. by heart, and requests he will by no means leave the University until it was said. After a great deal of opposition excuses, and protestations, he finds himself not a bit better off, for the Proctor will not mitigate a syllable, and he is obliged to stomach the *impos.* and retire. For the first hour or two afterwards he makes himself uneasy about this, but he at length resolves not to learn it, whatever should be the consequence. He therefore goes out to a party, makes himself very merry, and cares not a fig about the matter. Next morning he happens, unlucky wight ! to meet with the Dean, who accosts him, "Pray, Mr. Varmint, why have you not been to Chapel lately? I have very seriously to complain of your non-attendance. You have not attended

for nearly a fortnight, excepting Sundays, and you cannot expect that I, or any man, in the capacity I hold, can overlook such gross irregularity. However, you may think what you like, but I am determined to do my duty towards the College, and to see that you attend regularly. But as that has by no means been the case, and as you have so disrespectfully absented yourself, I really must take notice of it in a severe way. I am very sorry for it, nobody more so, but it is an imperative duty I must fulfil. You will get by heart 500 lines of Virgil, the 7th *Æneid*, and I expect it will be said with alacrity and promptitude. Good morning, Sir." So here is Mr. Varmint with two impositions *in hand* which must be very soon *in head*: One, if not said, will beget rustication, and the other, if neglected, will cause the Dean to tell him to take his name off the boards of the College. He debates in his own mind as to whether it is better to get them or not; but at length determines to see Proctors, Deans, and in short the whole of the University at Old Nick, rather than look at a word; and—

“—to take arms against a sea of troubles,

“ And, by opposing, end them.”

Alas! how soon do mortals change their firmest and most fixed resolutions! How many circumstances occur to induce them to act contrary to their resolves. Mr. Varmint, by drinking too much wine for the last two days, rather prematurely finds himself very much the worse from his late Cyprian adventures, and in fact is compelled to send for a surgeon. In short, Varmint is obliged to get an *aegrotat*, to confine himself to his rooms, and lie still on the sofa. On his table are

draughts, powders, and lotions ; the surgeon visits him daily. What is he to do all day by himself on the sofa ? His friends are with him a great deal to drive away melancholy ; but still he has an immensity of leisure time on his hands. He must read ; but what ? Walter Scott ? No, he hates novels, and all that kind of trash. Lord Byron ? He has read him fifty times, and he wants something new. He thought of everything ; but at last resolved to spend his time in learning the three hundred lines of Greek, and the five hundred lines of Virgil, for the Proctor and Mr. Dean. In the meantime the term divides ; and his companions, or the majority of them, leave the University for their several homes. He, of course, wishes to leave likewise ; but he is ill, and cannot depart before he is better, which the surgeon does not choose should be the case for some time ; and even if he were well he could not go before the Dean signed his "*exeat*," which he would not do before the imposition was said ; so he is hemmed in on all sides, and has the blue devils, besides a prospect of growing hippish. He, therefore, spends the time he would have passed in pleasure at home, in the shady court of a college, and stuffs himself with Greek and Latin hexameters, and lives entirely on barley-water and medicine, for the space of three weeks. At the end of this time, we will suppose him getting again convalescent, and recovering his wonted spirits. He satisfies the Proctor and the Dean by saying a part of each *impos.*, and after bitterly cursing the place, leaves it for the country. This is the way that many men spend their three years at the University. But, Mr. Freshman, whoever you may be, I write this for your especial

benefit, and leave it to yourself to copy or avoid such conduct, as you may think proper.

After the long vacation, Mr. Varmint comes up again to reside. His sprees of his first year, and their consequences, have gained him experience, and he knows how to manage in a scientific way. To avoid gate-bills, he will be out at night as late as he pleases, and will defy any one to discover his absence ; for he will climb over the College walls, and fee his Gyp well, when he is out all night. To avoid impositions from the Dean, he will attend more regularly at Chapel ; which, though a great bore, must yet be endured : and to get clear from the clutches of the Proctors, he will scud when there is need ; and if followed, will floor the bull-dogs, and bolt. He now is twice as gay as before, rides, courses, hunts, shoots, fishes, drives, drinks, fights, swears, rows, and gambles, more than ever. He dresses still more like an eccentric fancy man, and acts yet more unlike what he ought to do, and thus he passes his terms. But now comes the time when he is to be examined for the *Little-go* ; and about three weeks before the examination he begins to read. He finds himself unequal to the task, without *cramming*. He in consequence engages a private tutor, and buys all the cram-books published for the occasion. After reading himself ill, he goes in ; and by the greatest luck in the world, happens to pass. This puts him in high spirits again, and he gives a large *Spread*, and gets drunk on the strength of it. He continues to have a private tutor for the remainder of his residence, and reads with him about one day in a term, until the last term in his third year, when he is obliged to read for his degree of Bachelor of Arts. Accustomed

to mirth and gaiety, and to all kinds of sporting pursuits, never having opened a single mathematical book since his residence, knowing Euclid only by name, and Algebra still less, if possible ; not being a dab at Latin or Greek ; in short never having professed to be a reading man, Mr. Varmint begins to encounter all the difficulties attending on such a career, when near its termination in severe study. He has now recourse to his private tutor, who finds him miserably deficient ; and to work they both go, the one cramming, and the other unable to swallow a mouthful. He falls ill by reading hard, being so unused to it, and gives it up for a week, then sets to again, and so goes on till the day of examination, when he may perhaps muster up resolution enough to go into the *Senate-house*. If he does go in, and is well enough crammed, he gets a station amongst the apostles ; if not, he may perchance be plucked. But if he does not think he shall be able to go through, he reads on a little longer, and goes out at a *bye-term*. This is his career at college ; what it may be in after-life, is quite another affair. When he has got his degree in either of these ways, with the rest of his companions, he sits down with all of them, about forty or fifty, to a most *glorious* spread, ordered from the college cook, to be served up in the most swell style possible. They are about two hours and a half at dinner ; and afterwards set to, and get most awfully drunk, each man having floored upwards of three bottles of port, independent of champagne and madeira at dinner, or burgundy and claret. Thus they conclude the last feast they shall ever have together at College, and another fortnight sees them all, perhaps, wafted far from the University, some of them for ever."



THE VARMINT MAN TAKES HIS DEGREE

"Post Tot Naufragia Tutus"—SUM
Baccalaureus Artium.—

The following description of a Sporting Man in the forties, extracted from a longer article in *Sketches of Cantabs*, shows that he was an improvement on the Varmint Man and that he in some ways resembled the modern product.

“The SPORTING MAN (according to the meaning which I take the liberty of affixing to the words) may be recognised by his having something or other about him, which reminds you forcibly of the stable. His coat is a cut-away, and his trousers fit tightly over the boot. The whole of the middle of his person is enveloped by a long ostler-waistcoat, and his neck by a scarf of bird’s-eye blue. A fox’s head, or a dog’s head, or a richly chased horse with ruby eyes, are the favorite devices on the top of his pin. He is much given to huge overcoats, with saucer bottoms, and his hat, a very bad one (all Sporting Men wear bad hats) is secured from being carried off, by means of a string which is attached to one of the botton holes.

When not actually in his cap and gown, he may be often distinguished from the professional groom by his having a cigar in his mouth. He makes a rule of turning to examine every horse that passes, and points critically with his forefinger at the legs of the quadruped. Sometimes he will make a remark such as, “I’ll be blowed if I don’t know that nag. Where the deuce can I have seen him before !” At last it turns out that he has seen him six years ago, standing before the door of a public house in the south of Ireland. But bless you!

he never forgets an animal that he has once set eyes on. He can tell all their diseases—and who knows, perhaps even their pedigrees—as he sees them trot by. He is the Burke and Debrett of horse-flesh

The interior of a Sporting Man's apartment is perhaps upon the whole a curiosity. Let us now put a not very improbable case, and suppose that as you are walking along revolving a problem, you are suddenly seized in the fleshy part of the leg by the jaws of a STUBBS' dog—his playful little poodle. You turn round and discover STUBBS himself, laughing and grinning, and puffing out tobacco-smoke, behind you. We will suppose that his rooms are contiguous and that he asks you up to have a glass of sherry, the least that he can do after the painful occurrence just alluded to. "Rum little fellow Spot is, isn't he?" he asks as you walk along, "hope he didn't hurt you by the bye. I taught him that trick myself." You do not however view the incident in the same facetious light as your friend, nor indeed feel disposed to laugh at all, until you see the trick played off on an elderly gentleman in front, when you forget the painful nature of your own sufferings in a keen enjoyment of those which he is made to endure.

Well, we will suppose that you have arrived at the door of the apartment. It is no sooner opened by your host, than a strong smell, as of a menagerie, strikes upon your olfactory nerves. At the same time, three or four enormous dogs, such as Scotch greyhounds, for example, glide playfully through your legs, and sniff around you in a way which tends on the whole to render a man unaccustomed to the canine race, uncomfortable. You sink down upon a chair, but rise with a shriek,

having sat upon a ferret. Your host lays down his *Bell's Life* and runs up to the ferret, hoping he has not been hurt. Perhaps, if you are a malicious man, your wishes will be rather on the opposite side. I confess that mine were, upon an occasion of a similar kind.

You will now, if you take the trouble of casting a glance around you, perceive that the walls are covered with pictures, and that those pictures are of three different kinds. Firstly, you may notice the purely sporting engravings, such as that of TOM SPAVIN on his horse Sancho Panza, at the Liverpool Grand Steeple Chase—by the bye, look at that chasm which he has just cleared. It must be a hundred and thirty feet wide, at the very least—the portraits of Cossack, etc., winners of their respective Derbies; and the four interesting engravings of the Chase, with a fiery red fox cantering over intensely green grass under a vivid blue sky. Then, secondly, there are what may be called domestic sporting pictures, consisting of that oil-painting there, of Mr. Stubbs on his celebrated stallion GAPSTER, and that over the mantelpiece of the greyhound DADDY LONG-LEGS, late the property of Alfred Stubbs, Esquire. Lastly, on the wall behind you, there are—well I don't want you to look at them unless you like. I own that they *are* slightly indelicate. They are common however to many rooms besides those of the Sporting Man. They are by eminent Parisian artists, and are instances of the good taste and sound moral feeling prevailing amongst the painters of that great city.

In the left hand corner, stands Mr. STUBBS' library. It is rather select than extensive, comprising for the most part Sporting Reviews and Stud Books. The top

shelf of the bookcase forms a receptacle for hunting whips, spurs, powder-flasks, spirit flasks, dirty buckskin gloves, and other articles peculiar to the Sportsman. Above the chimney piece and below the Portrait of DADDY LONG-LEGS, just referred to, are tandem whips, and fishing rods, together with a couple of fox brushes, believed by credulous minds to have been actually cut off the yet warm animal by STUBBS himself. On one side of the door, hangs the skin of an orang-outang, which, he tells us, his brother killed with a large stone, when walking out one day in the neighbourhood of Palermo. On the other, are to be seen the identical top-boots in which he used to ride to hounds with the Pytchley, at six years of age. I am inclined to look upon these boots as the greatest *chef-d'oeuvre* in the whole room. The ingenious man who made them (and whose name I will never reveal) is entitled to the highest degree of credit. You see, in cases like this, you have to look at your customer, and then judging from his present height and size what he is likely to have been at the age specified, go to work accordingly. So that we are fairly justified in ranking them as productions of very high art.

In this elegant little apartment we will suppose you have sat for some short time, talking about subjects with which you can have but a small acquaintance, though you may pretend (as probably you will) to possess a good deal, such as the chances of such and such a horse winning the next Derby, or the prospects of the new Subscription Pack in the south of France—when it is not unlikely that you will be disturbed by a rap at the door. “Come in !” says your host, and enter a

rough-looking individual surrounded by a few specimens of the spaniel and retriever breed. He is come by appointment to arrange a little bargain. "Good Heavens! Stubbs," you exclaim, "why haven't you got dogs enough already?" No Sir! that delightful bitch, warranted to do almost anything that you can name, is about to be added to your friend's collection, or, in Sporting language, "to be drafted into his kennel." A few "old" coats, and serviceable waistcoats will complete the purchase money for that admirable little quadruped, who is so exceedingly fast that she will have run clean out of sight by the day after to-morrow, and so extremely sagacious that I should not be surprised if she managed to regain the home of her former owner, after this temporary absence. However, if this should prove the case, Stubbs will have nobody but himself to blame.

The dog-fancier having taken his departure, with one or two trifling articles which are not perhaps expressly included in the contract, but which the superiority of his genius had made his own (a silver fork for instance, or a table spoon or so), I can imagine a second rap at the door taking place, and an ostler making his appearance for beer. He took Mr. Stubbs' horse home last night, and, feeling dry, has dropped in. (By the bye, what wonderful men those ostlers are. They are *always* "dry." Their throats appear to be like those of mummies. No moisture of any sort can assuage the burning thirst to which they are perpetual victims. Their stomachs resemble *Avernus*, so easily and rapidly does everything descend into them. For my part I confess that when I read what the stomach is reported

to be capable of containing, of the bounds and limits which nature has set to its expansive powers, and then observe what that of an ostler *does* sometimes manage to contain, my belief in the researches of medical science is much shaken).

The ostler, then, having drained the contents of the shining pewter, and obtained a cheroot or two in answer to his question, " I say, Gov'nor, you don't happen to have a bit of smoke in your pocket, do you? " will possibly make way for the stable-keeper, who will be succeeded, in his turn, by the man who has arrived from Newmarket to communicate important (and of course, strictly secret) intelligence respecting the races. " Don't you go saying as I told you, but take and lay your money on Loo-choo," says he. There are a set of these fellows, who regularly live upon Sporting Undergraduates. Their tactics are simple enough. As they recommend to each separate man a separate horse, they must of course pocket a gratuity from some quarter or other. Their favorite drink (when they can get it) is champagne.

On the departure of the prophet, it is not altogether impossible that you will be startled by the appearance of a man with a cage-ful of rats, for I know some sporting men who are much addicted to the noble pastime of worrying that animal with dogs. There is an excitement in it, disconnected from the inconvenience of personal danger, which cannot fail to be gratifying to the heart of every true Briton ; but it is only, as I am told, in cases where the dog himself is severely mauled before mastering his antagonist, that the *ne plus ultra* of delight is communicated to the practised

spectator. Or you may be rendered happy by an interview with a cock-fighter, or a real jockey from Newmarket, or a steeple-chase rider, or a member of the Prize-Ring, for to some great ornaments of these and other professions I have myself been introduced, at various times in the rooms of my Sporting friends."

We will conclude this chapter with a few poems, written a hundred years ago, which are especially appropriate to the Sporting Man.

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER*

At Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling
Trinity College, Cambridge—there resided
One Harry Dashington ; a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education.
That is—he understood computing
The odds at any race or match ;
Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting ;
Could kick up rows, knock down the watch,
Play truant and the rake at random,
Drink, tie cravats, and drive a tandem.

Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
So far from working reformation,
Seemed but to make his lapses greater ;
Till he was warned that next offence
Would have this certain consequence,—
Expulsion from his *Alma Mater*.

* From *Facetiae Cantabrigienses*, 1825.

One need not be a necromancer,
To guess that, with so wild a wight,
The next offence occur'd next night ;
When our incurable came rolling
Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,
And rang the college bell—No answer.

The second peal was vain—the third
Made the street echo its alarum ;
When, to his great delight, he heard,
The sordid *Janitor*, old Ben,
Rousing and growling in his den.
“ Who's there ?—I 'spose young Harum-scarum.”
“ 'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry.”
“ Aye, so I thought, and there you'll tarry.

“ 'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed ;
You know my orders—I shall lose
My place if I undo the door.”

“ And I,”—(young hopeful interposed)
Shall be *expelled* if you refuse ;
So, pr'ythee ”—Ben began to snore.

“ I'm wet,” cried Harry, “ to the skin,
Hip ! hallo ! Ben !—don't be a ninny ;
Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,
So tumble out, and let me in.”

“ Humph ! ” growled the greedy old curmudgeon,
Half overjoyed, and half in dudgeon,

“ Now you may pass ; but make no fuss,
On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate.”

“ Look on the stones, old Cerberus,”
Cried Harry, as he passed the gate ;

“ I've dropped a shilling—take the light,
You'll find it just outside—good night.”

Behold the porter in his shirt,
Cursing the rain, which never stopped,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success ; but that
Is hardly to be wondered at,
Because no shilling had been dropped ;
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regained the door, and found it fast !
With sundry oaths and growls and groans,
He rang once—twice—and thrice ; and then,
Mingled with giggling, heard the tones
Of Harry mimicking old Ben.

“ Whose there ?—’Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud—I’ve locked the gate—
I know my duty—’tis too late—
You wouldn’t have me lose my place ? ”
“ Pshaw ! Mr. Dashington ; remember
This is the middle of November.
I’m stripped ;—’tis raining cats and dogs.”
“ Hush, hush ! ” quoth Hal ; “ I’m fast asleep ; ”
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs.
“ But, hark ye, Ben, I’ll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself.”
“ Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,”
Replied the avaricious elf.

“ No ; all or none—a full acquittance ;—
The terms, I know, are somewhat high ;
But you have fixed the price, not I—
I won’t take less—I can’t afford it ; ”

So, finding all his haggling vain,
 Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
 Drew out the guinea, and restored it.

“ Surely you’ll give me,” growled th’ outwitted
 Porter, when again admitted,

“ Something, now you’ve done your joking,
 For all this trouble, time, and soaking.”

“ Oh ! surely, surely,” Harry said,
 “ Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
 And you’re half drown’d and quite undress’d,
 I’ll give you—leave to go to bed ! ’

N. M. M.

THE DEAN AND THE SCHOLAR*

A rev’rend Dean, it is no matter who,
 When the week ended, took his list to view
 Whether, at toll of daily chapel-bell,
 The students’ memories had served them well ;
 If not—into their ears he’d ring a direful knell.
 Some in attendance had been rather decent,
 Others had been most horribly deficient.
 At length,—behold ! what meets his wond’ring eyes,
 A blank—was quite as clear as summer skies ;
 For a Mister—had not been at all !
 Nor scarcely had attended once in hall.
 “ Odds-blood,” he cried, and plucking at his bell,
 Not over gently, down the cordage fell :
 “ Confusion ! ” then he swore,—“ for all this trouble
 I’ll make the rascal’s *Imposition* double,”

* *Cambridge Tart*, 1823.

In came his *Gyp* obsequious, " John " says he,
" Tell Mister Such-a-one to call on me ? "
Off toddled John, and told it to the spark,
Who, when he heard it, d——d him for a shark.
There was no help, so on went *Cap and Gown*
To wait on Mister Dean, who, with a frown
Received the gentleman not over civil ;
He wish'd the Dean in *Hades* with the Devil.
" Sir," said the Dean, in pet,—" I find that you
Have not been once to chapel ! is it true ? "
The scholar answered, with averted eye,
" It is the truth, the which I'll not deny."
" Then sir," says Mister Dean, " for your omission
You'll get for me this trifling *Imposition* ! "
Handing to him a small slip of paper,
The dire contents of which made him to vapour.
For on it there appeared in ink japan,
One hundred lines of Homer's *Iliad*, then,
The book and lines were seen in dread array,
The time of repetition, hour and day.
" Good sir," the scholar said, " why I delay
To go to Chapel—I've no mind to pray ! "
" Pray ! " said the Dean—and stamping shook the
place,
" D—n you, who wants your prayers ; just let me
see your face ! "

The following " Song " appears in the *Gradus*, 1824.

Come, ye good College lads, and attend to my lays,
I'll shew you the folly of poring o'er books ;
For all ye get by it is mere empty praise,
Or a poor meagre fellowship, and sallow looks.

Chorus.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never repine ;
And cram not your attics
With dry mathematics,
But moisten your clay with a bumper of wine.

The first of mechanics was old Archimedes,
Who play'd with Rome's ships, as he'd play cup
and ball ;
To play the same game, I can't see where the need is—
Or why we should fag mathematics at all !

Chorus. Then lay by your books, lads, etc.

Great Newton found out the Binomial law,
To raise $x + y$ to the power of b ;
Found the distance of planets that he never saw,
And which we most probably never shall see.

Chorus. Then lay by your books, lads, etc.

Let Whiston and Ditton star-gazing enjoy,
And taste all the sweets mathematics can give ;
Let us for our time find out better employ,
And knowing life's sweets, let us learn how to live.

Chorus. Then lay by your books, lads, etc.

These men *ex absurdo* conclusions may draw ;
Perpetual motion they never could find :
Not one of the set, lads, could balance a straw—
And longitude-seeking is hunting the wind.

Chorus. Then lay by your books, lads, etc.

If we study at all, let us study the means
To make ourselves friends, and to keep them when
made ;
Learn to value the blessings kind Heaven ordains—
To make other men happy, let that be our trade.

Chorus.

Let each day be better than each day before ;
Without pain or sorrow,
To-day or to-morrow,
May we live, my good lads, to see many days more.

THE RUSTICATED CANTAB*

Dread worthies, I bow at your shrine,
And kneeling submissive, petition
You'll pardon this false step of mine.
And pity my dismal condition.

When you met altogether of late,
In the room which we term *combination* ;
To fix your petitioner's fate,
Alas ! why did ye chuse *rustication*.

* These lines appeared in the *Cambridge Tart*, 1823.

That my conduct was wrong, I must own,
And your justice am forc'd to acknowledge ;
But can I in no wise atone
For my fault without leaving the college ;

Consider how strange 'twill appear,
In the mind of each jolly Fellow ;
That a Cantab was *banish'd a year*,
Just for *roving* a little when *mellow*.

You have precedents no one denies,
To prove it but just that I went hence ;
But surely no harm could arise,
If you were to relax in your sentence.

No, trust me, much good should proceed
From granting this very great favour ;
For, impress'd with a sense of the deed,
I'd carefully mend my behaviour.

You will then have on me a strong hold,
For gratitude's stronger than any tie :
Then pray do not think me too bold,
In this begging hard for some lenity.

But why should I humbly implore,
Since to you all my sorrow's a farce ?
I'll supplicate Fellows no more,
So, ye reverend Dons *caret pars*.

VII.

The Drag

THE Author having enjoyed some excellent gallops from the Downing Arms, Over, Five Bells, etc., cannot refrain from including the following facetious description of a day with the C.U.D.H. Although according to Bailey the Drag dates back to 1855, it was evidently in existence in the early forties, as this account appeared in *Sketches of Cantabs* by "John Smith" in 1849, several years after the latter went (or was sent) down : he states that it was written by a highly intelligent "American gentleman" who was stopping in this country at the time.

Dec. 6. Arrived at the University of Cambridge, which is fine upon the whole, though not equal to that of the same name in Massachusetts. I learnt from a young student whom I saw drinking brandy and water in the coffee-room of my hotel, and with whom I fell into conversation, that Greek and Latin are at a terribly low ebb here, and that the Examiners are not impartial men. What a constrast to our own enlightened land, where Professor Ramsbottham of Buffalo, and Doctor Sisyphus Wicks, are known, no less for their erudition than their uniform justice, over all the civilised globe !

Saw an instance this morning of the exclusiveness of European institutions. Three or four young gentlemen

walked into the hotel, in gowns of blue, embroidered with silver brocade. Was informed that they were the sons of the British noblemen, who make a point of dressing them in this way, to distinguish them from the herd of students. How sickening is the adulation of these sychophantic English !

By the way, I got introduced to these three young aristocrats.

(Here follow about five and twenty pages, containing an accurate report of the traveller's conversation with the scions of nobility, including a minute account of their families, ancestral seats, personal appearance, annual income of their parents, etc., etc., which I think it better to omit).

* * * * *

Dec. 7. Went, by special invitation of my friend Viscount BELMONT, to see a pastime which I am told is much indulged in at various Universities of England, as well as the Colleges of Eton, Winchester and Westminster. It is called Drug-Hunting, and consists in this. A man, mounted on horseback, is sent on about ten minutes in advance, who draws after him a rabbit skin tied to the end of a long rope, and steeped in some powerfully smelling drug, whence the name. After the ten minutes have elapsed, at a given signal, a pack of strong and swift dogs are let loose, who, attracted by the odour, run straight upon his trail. At the same time, a large body of students, well mounted, dash after the hounds, who thus act as their guides. If none of these should succeed in catching the rider who has gone on with the rabbit-skin, before he reach a certain point

(generally the steeple of a church) which is agreed on beforehand, they all pay him forfeit ; if on the contrary, any one catches him, he pays forfeit all round, and a sovereign extra (as my informant stated) to the one that caught him. Of course, a great deal depends upon the swiftness of the horses, but much also on the courage and skill of those that ride them. The post of dragging the rabbit-skin is I suppose (though I have no specific information on that head) taken by each of the subscribing students in turn. The day I was out, it was drawn by a short, light-haired student, who appeared to be much beloved by his fellows, being called by the familiar name of "Jemmy." He was the only one who acknowledged my presence, which he did by respectfully taking off his hat as I rode up. I have no doubt that he saw something in my appearance, which convinced him that I was of the great American nation. He seemed to be a good-natured well-informed young gentleman, and except that he asked me whether I had got "a bit of smoke" in my pocket, which is an odious coxcombical term, which the upper class of English have adopted to signify a cigar, I had no fault to find with his manners.

By his side rode a benevolent-looking, middle-aged gentleman of portly figure, whom from his exercising considerable authority in the field, I presume to have been an university officer (*Proctor* I think they call him) sent out to superintend the sport, and see that no accident happens. A very prudent precaution this.

When we had ridden for some miles along the great mail road to Huntingdon (Lord B., I., and the other two gentlemen were considerably in advance of the rest

of the party), we all stopped at an inn, which it appears had been agreed upon as the starting post. We had not been here long when about twenty more students, in various costumes, galloped up to the door, and amongst them was one who appeared to be the acknowledged head of the club, whom, from his supercilious manner, and the contemptuous tone in which he addressed me, I imagine to have been a Duke at the very least. The student, "Jemmy," having taken leave of us to set forth on his neck-or-nothing ride, we spent the interval in imbibing Guinness, half-and-half, Betts' brandy, and the other British national drinks. Some of the young gentlemen present would not have done discredit to the wild orgies of our own enthusiastic Kentucky. They laughed loudly, and swore, and poked each other with the ends of their hunting whips, making pretend to fence with those articles as with small swords, and considering it apparently as the height of the fun, when one or other received a smart rap across the knuckles. Whenever a fresh party dropped in to order more "goes," I observed that each and all of them stared at me as though I had been, not a citizen of the freest and greatest country in the world, but an opossum or a negro. There was a stout, ruddy-faced girl too, serving out the drinks, at whom they leered prodigiously.

At length, after nearer forty than ten minutes had been spent at this kind of work, the signal was given "to horse," and we all trotted about a hundred yards down the road, to the place where the hounds were to be let loose. This was done in a whiffy, and off they dashed across hedge and ditch, followed by the mounted students, with the exception of one fat little fellow, who

appeared to be unable to screw his courage to the sticking point, for after having tumbled off his horse at the first fence, he wisely came back again into the road through a gap, and set off in the direction of home. With this exception, and that of myself and the University Proctor before alluded to, the whole body sped away like a flight of arrows. The Proctor had agreed to conduct me down a bye-lane, by pursuing which route we should not only be able to see the greater part of the run, but also have the advantage of witnessing the finish. Now although I could easily have over-matched any of these young Europeans in the art of riding, yet, as I had somewhat injured my leg the night before, I thought it best to close with his offer. We soon arrived at a situation, which afforded us a view of the whole field, and a beautiful sight it was to see that compact body of horsemen dashing, as if for very life, over the rising wheat. I observed that there were some three or four leading the way, who turned neither to the right hand nor the left, but put their horses at every jump in gallant style, and stuck to them like a mustard poultice. Behind these, again, there came another body who did not ride quite so boldly as the first lot, but managed to get over their leaps nevertheless. And last of all, there came three or four (who had talked most largely about their prowess at the inn) who turned pale with horror and affright whenever they came to a jump, most commonly breaking through the hedges and widening the gaps, and doing, I should imagine, more mischief to the farmers than all the rest put together. Every now and then I could see one of these drop off, and rise begrimed with mud, and one in

particular I noticed, who after he had met with an accident of this kind, took up two or three handfuls of dirt, and plastered them over his horse's head and chest, no doubt to induce the belief that they had both come down together. The thing that astonished me most, however, was the presence, or rather the absence of hounds, for of these animals there were only two that could at all keep up with the huntsmen, and these two, when I last caught a glimpse of them, were running in different directions.

After trotting on for some time at a brisk pace, we stopped at last at a gate, where the Proctor told me it was probable that they would all cross the lane. The scene which here presented itself was so peculiar and, at the same time, characteristic of British civilization, that I may be excused for dwelling upon it for a moment. Fancy twenty fellows—ragged and dirty, as you see the misgoverned Irish represented in the prints—armed with huge sticks and stones, yelling forth hideous cries, and thirsting for the blood of their enemies. Such were the bandits whom I beheld drawn up in battle array, within a few miles of her Majesty's University of Cambridge. Amongst them there moved a man, dressed like a farmer, who appeared to direct their evolutions, and was no doubt the Captain of the Gang. You can imagine nothing more hideous and repulsive than the faces of his men; and I thought that they looked at the Proctor as he rode up to them, with an expression of a particularly sinister kind.

I confess that on first catching a glimpse of these ruffians, I formed the intention of turning round my horse, and galloping as fast as I could in the direction

of home. Seeing, however, that no one made any attempt to step out of the ranks and seize me, and that my friend, the Proctor, had already gone up and addressed the ringleader, I determined to draw up within a few paces of the band, so as to be ready either to go to the assistance of my companion (whose courage I could not help admiring) or to provide for my own safety, according as a necessity for either course might arise.

What passed between the two I failed to hear distinctly, at the distance at which I was standing, but the university officer seemed to me to be endeavouring to pacify the outlaw. From the angry gestures of the latter, I gathered that he refused to be talked over, and that he would persist in his original intention, whatever that might be. Meanwhile, my thoughts insensibly reverted to my own sweet peaceful country, and I set myself to think what could possibly be the object of the assemblage of this tumultuous band.

I was not long suffered to remain in doubt. We could now see the Drug-Riders advancing through the field next to the lane. No sooner had the first half-dozen or so crossed the small hedge which leads into this lane on the one side, and, galloping down for a few yards, prepared to leap the five-barred gate at which we had taken up our position, than the villainous cut-throats sprang upon them in a mass. The whole thing was so instantaneous, that we had been unable to warn them of their danger. Besides, I doubt not but that our lives would have been forfeited, if we had attempted such a thing. So that all we could do, was to remain as though impassive spectators of the brutal scene. The sight that met my eyes at this moment would, if described

accurately, seem incredible to a man who deemed the English to be anything but barbarians. Sticks and stones darkened the air—student and bandit were in one place locked together in deadly combat—in another, some horse without a rider was galloping wild and exultant along the road. Blood flowed everywhere like water, and cracked skulls and broken noses were as plentiful as pretty faces in the Broadway. Such ferocity I have never seen, not even in the back settlements of Arkansas or Missouri. Indeed, I heard one man declare that he should like to tear out the eyes of the other, from which it is but too evident that the degrading practice of “gouging,” so much censured by British writers, and which flourishes in some of our newly acquired possessions alone, is here at its height, even in the most civilized counties, within a mile or two of the greatest university in the land! *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?* Oh, these Britons!

After, however, the conflict had raged for some time a great change was effected in the relative position of the combatants, by the arrival of the rest of the Drug-Hunters, about fifteen in number. The banditti had evidently not calculated on this reinforcement. They were soon put to flight, and many of them severely handled. About this time my natural valour getting the better of my prudence, I could not help joining in the fight. Like the Prussians at Waterloo. I threw myself upon the flying foe, and helped to consummate the rout. The list of casualties on our side was not upon the whole a large one, and fortunately no lives were lost. After a short delay we retired from the field, victorious and triumphant.

I afterwards learned that the band had attacked them, not for the purpose of pillage, but to intercept their progress, and by direction of the farmers. These latter, being of opinion that drug-hunting is injurious to their land, whenever they can gather tidings as to where the meet is likely to be, assemble their retainers together, and endeavour by force to repel the huntsmen from their fields. I am told that in these encounters lives are daily lost, but that neither the University nor the Police have any power to stop them. And this in the very middle of the pretended mistress of the world ! Oh ! the arrant conceit of some nations ! Thus ends my experience of the Cambridge Drug.

VIII.

Town v. Gown

THERE appears always to have been a certain amount of animosity between the undergraduates and the townsmen of Cambridge, some of the earliest riots recorded having taken place in the 16th century. Gunning tells us that as late as 1788 a brewer's drayman was killed by "Turk" Taylor of Trinity.

For the purpose of this book it will suffice to describe four contests which took place during the first half of the 19th century.

In 1820 on the acquittal of Queen Caroline (wife of George IV.) the townspeople of Cambridge celebrated the occasion by illuminating the town and otherwise rejoicing. The undergraduates however did not approve of this, and, mustering some 500 strong in the market place, proceeded to strip the coaches from London and their occupants of their laurel and other emblems of victory, one by one as they arrived: the former also destroyed the illuminations, "which dared emblazon this burning shame." A running fight between 500 gownsmen and 2000 snobs went on in the streets for some hours and terminated in the battle of Peas Hill where the latter were finally routed. A celebrated Jesuit wrote the following poem, "on the day after the memorable 13th of November, 1820, " which must be a day of pleasant recollection to all CANTABS, as long as

there shall be a SNOB or Radical amongst them, or a *fist* to *bate* them with. This is the only *Matriculation day* which is registered in *letters* of blood in the archives of the Vice-Chancellor : and we are sure that there never was, nor ever will be, such an occasion for calling FRESHMEN from the science of *mechanics* to the application of *theory* in the *science of war*." (*Gradus*).

On Granta, when the sun was low,
No symptoms lower'd of fearless row,
But all was silent as the flow
Of Camus rolling tardily.

But Granta saw another sight,
When radicals presumed at night,
With Carter's* mutton-wicks to light
Their Caroline's base treachery.

Round Hobson's† conduit quick array'd,
Each Gownsmen rush'd the cause to aid,
And fast about him each one laid,
With blows that told most terribly.

Then rushing forth the Snobs among,
Fierce from the ranks the Johnian sprung,
And loud and clear the market rung,
With shouts of dreadless liberty.

* A noted vendor of wax, moulds, short sixes, farthing rush-lights, and all other *wick*-ed wares.

† Hobson used to let out horses to undergraduates, the latter being always compelled to take the one in the stall nearest the door : Hence "Hobson's choice." Hobson was a benefactor to the town, and built the CONDUIT.—(Ed. He died 1630).

But redder yet shall be each cheek,
And louder yet each tongue shall speak,
And fiercer yet each soon shall wreak
His vengeance most undauntedly.

'Tis rushlight all—but what can shew
The Gownsmen from the Gownsmen's foe,
As shouting in thick files they go
To battle all so merrily ?

No banners there were waving high,
To cheer the brave to victory,
No pennon floating to the sky,
With rare device wrought curiously.

No plumes of crested pride were seen,
But tassels black of silken sheen,
With gold and silver mix'd between,
Emblems of unanimity !

No sound was heard of martial drum,
No bugle blast, but one wild hum
Floated o'er all : " the Snobs ! they come,
On ! On ! and meet them cheerily."

And then was shout, and noise, and din,
As rallying forwards poured in
Hundreds and hundreds, to begin
The work of fame so gloriously.

Then rush'd undaunted, to the fight,
The tall—the low—the strong—the light ;
And, Oh ! it was a glorious sight,
That strife of Town and Gown to see.

As fist to fist, rais'd high in air,
And face to face opposed were,
As shone the conflict in the glare
Of lights that told of Bergami.

Then rushed to fight the hardy Soph,
Regardless of the townsmen's scoff,
As one by one they sallied forth
To war in ambush warily.

Then rush'd the Freshman to essay
His maiden valour in the fray,
And who that valour shall gainsay,
And wrong not such effrontery?

Then, with one cry so loud and shrill,
It echoed to the Castle Hill,
They charg'd the Snobs against their will,
And shouted clear and lustily.

Then all distinctions were forgot—
Then, silk and velvet had one lot
With tatter'd stuffs, upon that spot
Which sacred was to bravery.

No signs of fear, no signs of dread,
Of bloody nose or broken head,
Of wretch by Proctors homeward led,
For "acting contumaciously."

No thoughts were there, but such as grace
The memory of that crowded place,
The memory of that gallant race
Who took and gave so heartily.—

The combat deepens ; on, ye brave,
Who rush to conquest, or to save !
Wave all your stuffs and poplins wave !
And charge with all your chivalry !

Few, few, shall part where many meet,
Dull soon shall be each crowded street,
Responsive, now, to thousand feet
Pursuing on to Victory.

Note.—Campbell's Poem was at that time comparatively young and very popular. (Ed.)

The next big riot took place in 1833.

The town was seething with excitement owing to a rumour (afterwards proved to be false) that the Professor of Anatomy had caused a body to be resurrected for the purpose of dissection. The Townsmen stormed the Anatomy Schools but were repulsed after heavy fighting by the Undergraduates, and the Schools were saved. This is probably the only occasion on which the University authorities publicly thanked the undergraduates for defeating the Town.

A serious riot took place on November 5th, 1835, probably the result of a Guy Fawks day celebration, which has been immortalised by the following poem.

THE SNOBIAD*

By the HON. AND REV. P. Y. SAVILE

November 5, 1835

In college rooms a crowded conclave sat,
November five just dark, in close debate ;
A steaming punch-bowl purified the room,
And fragrant pipes distilled a blue perfume.
As the curled smoke ascended to the ceiling,
So up curvetted each heroic feeling ;
And loud the menaces and dire the works
Vowed against Snobs in memory of Fawkes.
High and yet higher the discussion rose,
Who should be leader, where attack the foes,
How armed each youth, how every troop arrayed ;
Some lay the bet, and some the ambushade.
Deep in the liquid realms of Cam with fright
For the forthcoming horrors of the night,
The guardian Sprite inflitted as they spoke,
And straightway hovered o'er a pipe of smoke.
Just then a youth of most undoubted worth
Had blown a cloud of weedy vapour forth,
And as he oped his mouth to puff again,
The Sprite flew in and settled on his brain—
A vacant spot, where, sitting at her ease,
She might dictate such sentiments as these :
“ Permit me, gentlemen, if in submitting
A trifling word or two (excuse my spitting)

* By kind permission of Mr. Charles Whibley, editor of *In Cap and Gown*.

I should admit what ill becomes my college ;
But, sirs, remember that I speak from knowledge.
This night six hundred foes are in the town,
We scarce can reckon on a hundred gown ;
Six hundred blackguards armed with stones and bricks,
While we can lean on nothing but our sticks ;
On jagged missiles all their strength reposes,
And, ere we reach them, we have lost our noses.
Now list ; to-morrow night you'll all confess
Their force will be considerably less.
With quite as much excitement, fun, and noise,
Six hundred Snobs will fall on sixty boys,
And from the moment that we sally out
We shall enjoy a long victorious rout.
Now, oft of yours have I and my two cousins
By such prudential measures slaughtered dozens—
Caught with our toes the miscreants as they fled,
And made the pavement answer to their head.”
His boasting words mere windy sounds disclose,
While tumorous buzzings of applause arose.
The chairman puffed in silence for a minute,
Then softly murmured, “ there was something in it.”
One only from the central mass of smoke—
A wildly fierce deluded freshman—spoke :
“ My sentence is for war without distinction—
For thorough, signal, absolute extinction.
Turn, then, false comrades, blench ye from the fight,
I—I at least will have a mill to-night ! ”
He said, and rushing to the streets pell-mell,
Flourished his furious fist, and fighting fell !
Ah ! valiant youth, of generous noble spirit,
Strange that the fates should so reward thy merit.

One eye bunged out, both nostrils battered wide,
With two ribs fractured on the dexter side,
Of cap and gown bereft, his coat uptorn,
Back to his college is the hero borne.
Two Proctors, kindly holding either arm,
Staunch the dark blood, and gate him for the term.
The Sprite of Camus sought the top of King's,
And calmly lighting, slowly closed her wings ;
She then, with anxious forethought looking down,
Surveys each hole and corner of the town,
Where it is best to lead the headstrong host,
What places favour, what endanger most.
Oh for a throat of brass and blacksmith's bellows,
To tell the mustering of these gallant fellows ;
To say what college, fired by thirst of fame,
On-led by fancied wrongs, to battle came !
See ! they advance from every college door ;
With waving caps and flowing gowns outpour.
These are the Tufts of Trinity, and these
The Sons of Queen's and all the bunch of Caius.
Saint John's sends forth a Bacchanalian train,
Corpus peeps forth and skelters back again,
And little Sidney issues all she can,
Her force concentrated in a single man.
Six Donning men had promised their assistance,
But, like poor Blucher, could not save their distance
Four had at early morn their march begun,
But reached not Cambridge ere the fight was done ;
The other two, while slipping on their garters,
Their wives had threatened and detained in quarters.
Rough, bluff, and sturdy, though in numbers few,
The Aulites muster, one united crew ;

Their gowns with care around their bodies tied,
For fear the Snobs should claim them for their side.
Far in another quarter of the town
A togaed phalanx bear their foemen down
In combat close ; they wage it hand to hand,
Each for himself, regardless of command ;
Only one Magdalene youth withheld the blow,
Bent o'er the body of a prostrate foe,
Parting his locks, beneath a lighted lamp,
To trace the features of his forehead damp.
Heard ye that shriek ? “ Yes, yes ! 'tis he, 'tis he !
I've slain, I've massacred our own Bargee !
Oh, Bargee, Bargee, wherefore could you fight us ? ”
Here Alexander lost another Clitus.
The Bargee deeply groaned, and loudly cried
Belching forth one foul word, and then he died.
The Sprite of Cam now leaves the battle-field,
A gentle youth of valiant Caius to shield,
Wending his homeward way at half-past nine
To get his tea and save the Porter's fine.
A youth was he, on study all intent,
With swipes of College commons quite content.
His friends he left in Pembroke College attics,
Deeply engaged in mixed mathematics.
Scarce had he left the college in his rear,
When three fell Snobians were seen drawing near.
Two slashing hits first bent his body double ;
The third then floors him, and saves further trouble.
With eyes impatient starting from their sockets,
In vain the conquerors dive into his pockets ;
No chinking gold, no watch nor jewels rare,
Answer their feelings or repay their care—

Naught but some sheets of scribbling paper there.
“ Oh, curse the mongrel, he’s not worth a groat ! ”
They cry ; “ we’ll stuff the paper down his throat.”
In vain the youth resists the doughty three ;
They force into his mouth the Laws of Gravity ;
And, what was far more difficult and cruel,
They try to make him bolt Magister Whewell.
But soon the angry Sprite relieved him from it,
Soothing his pains by a most timely vomit.
The fight is o’er, and well it was no worse !
Each party claims the victory, of course.
While beer and baccy calm the Snobian soul,
The gownsman revels in the purple bowl,
And many a vaunt and many a boast goes round.
One shows his body whole, one boasts his wound ;
This thought it humbug, and that thought it fun,
But every man a thousand deeds had done.
First, Hobbs of Trinity had fought his way
Alone, unaided through the thickest fray,
And challenged every gentleman to tell
A feat of chivalry performed so well.
But Dobbs of John’s, his back against the wall,
Daring full sixty Snobians one and all,
Floored every man, and on their bodies jumped ;
So the First Trinity was fairly bumped.
The Sprite of Cam had sunk beneath her river,
To paint her lance and to renew her quiver ;
And as Aurora gilds the eastern morn,
By playful zephyrs on each sunbeam borne,
Leaps to the water-lillies’ perfumed bud,
Waves her bright wand, and reassumes the flood.

On March 6th, 1846, a row occurred at the Town Hall where General Tom Thumb was one of the performers. For two or three days fighting went on in the neighbourhood of the Market Place, and terminated in the celebrated battle of Rose Crescent, described below.* This row is also known as the Tom Thumb Riot.

The sturdy undergraduates
Are pouring in amain,
Up thro' the fair Rose Crescent,
The Market-place to gain—
From many a wild wine-party,
From many a sober tea,
From the distant halls of Downing,
And the Courts of Trinity.

From lowly Queen's Quadrangle,
Where muffins are the go ;
From Magd'lene, famed for fast men,
From Cath'rine, famed for slow ;
From Caius, where anxious proctors
To keep the gates shut try ;
From Clare, where Dons chivalrous
Unlock them on the sly.

There be twenty chosen gownsmen,
The foremost of the band,
Pupils of Sambo Sutton,
To keep the Crescent stand.
They can't run if they wish'd it ;
Perforce they bear the brunt,
For the gownsmen in the rear-rank
Push the gownsmen in the front.

* By kind permission of the Proprietors, *Punch* (Vol. X., p. 163).

And all within the Market-place,
And Market Hill along,
The townsmen, far as words can go,
Come it uncommon strong,
But as yet no nose is bleeding,
And yet no man is down ;
For the gownsmen funk the townsmen,
And the townsmen funk the gown.

When lo ! a cad comes brimful
Of bravery and beer—
“ To arms ! to arms ! The Borough
Police will soon be here ! ”
Thro' Market Street, to eastward,
Each townsman turn'd his eye,
And saw the hats and truncheons
Rise fast along the sky.

And plainly and more plainly,
Now may each gownsman know,
By form and face, by port and pace,
Each big blue-coated foe.
There in the front, fierce Freestone,*
Be-whiskered, may be seen,
And stalwart Serjeant Seabrook,
With buttons bright and sheen ;
And Buggins of the mutton fist ;
And Muggins with the fearful twist ;
And Hobbs, famed for his waving curls ;
And Dobbs, adored by servant girls ;
And gruff Inspector Greene.

* A policeman who was dismissed the force for his conduct on this occasion.

Then out spake a fellow-commoner,
In voice both sad and low,
And darkly looked he on his friends,
And darkly on his foe :
“ They’ll be too many for us ;
Ten to one against the gown :
Unless we get to Trinity
We’ll be walloped by the town.”

Then out spake brave Fitz-Wiggins,
Though a small college man :
“ To keep the Crescent ’gainst the cads
I’ll do the best I can !
And if none will stand beside me,
Alone I’ll face the snobs,
Despite fierce Freestone’s truncheon
And the staves of Hobbs or Dobbs ! ”

Then out spake Sir Tom Noddy,
A son of Trinity,
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And the Crescent keep with thee.”
And out spake Merrypebbles—
A Johnian was he—
“ I will abide at thy left side,
And the Crescent keep with thee.”

A great shout of defiance
From all the snobs arose,
But the three stand calm and silent—
A thumb to every nose !
And forth three Peelers rushing,
Attempt to storm the Pass ;
Truncheons are thick, but fists are quick,
And down they go to grass !

Fitz-Wiggins floor'd fierce Freestone,
Tom Noddy levell'd Hobbs,
And cheerful Merrypebbles
Black'd both the eyes of Dobbs
And the aggravated townsmen
Stand all appalled to see
On the flags the unconscious Peelers—
In the Pass the dauntless Three !
And on the leaguer'd Crescent
Was none would brave attack ;
But those behind cried " Forward ! "
And those in front cried " Back ! "
Meanwhile their legs the gownsmen
Right manfully have plied ;
And now they've got to Trinity,
And the gates are open wide.
" Come back, come back, Fitz-Wiggins,"
Loud cried they from the gate ;
" Back, Noddy, Merrypebbles,
Back, or you'll be too late ! "
But the police are on them,
And their truncheons fierce they ply ;
Now the Fates save brave Fitz-Wiggins—
What a terrible black eye !—
Though Merrypebbles' head be
The thickest in the ring,
It scarce can 'scape unbroken ;
Such staves must make it sing.

Alone stood Sir Tom Noddy,
But constant still in mind,
Policemen pitching in before

And Trinity behind.
“ Down with him ! ” cried false Seabrook,
As he mopped his bloody face ;
“ Now yield thee,” cried the Inspector ;
“ Now yield thee, to our grace ! ”

But brave Tom Noddy never deigned
An answer ; no, not he ;
But he floored the Inspector neatly
As a man could wish to see ;
And through the storming townsmen
And the irate police,
He fights his passage manfully,
And he wins the gate in peace.

And now, his gown in ribbands,
In the crowded court he stands,
And “ to call upon the next day,”
Receives the Dean’s commands.
And then with shouts and clapping,
And hip, hip, hurrah, loud,
He passes on unto his rooms,
Borne by the admiring crowd.

But he was rusticated
By the Dons that very night ;
And when he showed them his black eye,
They said, “ It served him right.”
But long at our wine-parties,
We’ll remember how, like bricks,
Stout Noddy kept the Crescent,
In Eighteen-forty-six !

TOM TAYLOR.

Note.—Lord Macaulay wrote *Horatius* in 1842.—Ed.

Any account of Town v. Gown at Cambridge would be incomplete without Calverley's stirring lines which are, therefore, appended :—*

On pinnacled St. Mary's
Lingers the setting sun ;
Into the streets the blackguards
Are skulking one by one ;
Butcher and Boots and Bargeman
Lay pipe and pewter down ;
And with wild shout come tumbling out
To join the Town and Gown.

And now the undergraduates
Come forth by twos and threes,
From the broad tower of Trinity,
From the green gate of Caius :
The wily bargeman marks them,
And swears to do his worst ;
To turn to impotence their strength,
And their beauty to my first.

But before Corpus Gateway
My second first arose,
When Barnacles and Freshman
Was pinned upon the nose :
Pinned on the nose by Boxer,
Who brought a hobnailed herd
From Barnwell, where he kept a van,
Being indeed a dogsmeat man,
Vendor of terriers, blue or tan,
And dealer in my third.

* By kind permission of Messrs. G. Bell and Sons Ltd.

'Twere long to tell how Boxer
Was "countered" on the cheek,
And knocked into the middle
Of the ensuing week :
How Barnacles the Freshman
Was asked his name and college ;
And how he did the fatal facts
Reluctantly acknowledge.
He called upon the Proctor
Next day at half-past ten ;

Men whispered that the Freshman cut
A different figure then :—
That the brass forsook his forehead,
The iron fled his soul,
As with blanched lip and visage wan
Before the stony-hearted Don
He kneeled upon my whole.

IX.

The Union

IN 1815 the Union was founded as debating society, consisting of some 150 members, the meetings taking place at the Red Lion. It was suppressed in 1817 by Dr. Wood, the Vice-Chancellor, because, according to his views, "It took men away from their more important duties !"

This raised a storm of protest and the members offered to exclude all political subjects "to submit to any regulation which might not be utterly incompatible with their wish to practise themselves in speaking, a study of which they humbly conceived not to be utterly useless."

Dr. Wood replied that he did not think necessary or perhaps proper to return any answer to this appeal, as he had already considered the subject fully in his own mind !

The *Gradus ad Cantabrigiam* tells us that this resulted in the following spirited Parody on the Bard, by M. Lawson, Esq., M.P., Fellow of Magdalen College, making its appearance.

I. I.

' Ruin seize thee, senseless prig !
' Confusion on thy "optics" wait !
' Though prais'd by many a Johnian pig,
' They crowd the shop in fruitless state,

' Hood, nor Doctor's scarlet gown,
 ' Nor N—th, nor P—th shall win renown ;
 ' Nor save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ' The Union curse, the Union's tears.
 Such were the sounds that o'er the pedant pride
 Of W——d, the Johnian, scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the flags of Petty-Curry's side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array,
 Stout T-th-m stood aghast with puffy face,
 " To arms ! " cried Beverly,* and couch'd his quiv-
 'ring mace.

I. 2.

At a window, which on high
 Frowns o'er the market-place below,
 With trowsers† on, and haggard eye,
 A member stood immersed in woe.
 His tatter'd gown, and greasy hair
 Stream'd like a dishclout to the onion'd air,
 And with a voice that well might beat the cryer,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre :—
 ' Hark ! how each butcher's stall, and mightier shop,
 ' Sighs to the market's clattering row beneath ;
 ' For thee the women squall, the cleavers chop,
 ' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe.
 ' Vocal no more since Monday's fatal night
 ' To Thirlwall's‡ keen remark, or Sheridan's‡ wild
 flight.

* One of the Esquire Bedells, who bear the mace.

† A total indifference to moral guilt or personal danger is argued by his thus appearing before the Vice-Chancellor : that gentleman justly regarding the wearing of trousers as the most atrocious of moral offences, and having lately deservedly excluded a distinguished Wrangler who had been guilty of them, from a Fellowship of his College.

‡ Speakers of the Society.

I. 3.

- ‘ Mute now is Raymond’s* tongue,
‘ That hushed the Club to sleep :
‘ The patriot Whitcombe* now has ceased to rail ;
‘ Waiters in vain ye weep.
‘ Lawson,* whose annual song
‘ Made the Red Lion wag his raptur’d tail.
‘ Dear lost companions in the spouting art,
‘ Dear as the commons smoking in the hall,
‘ Dear as the Audit ale that warms my heart,—
‘ Ye fell amidst the dying Union’s fall.

II. 1.

- ‘ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
‘ The winding-sheet of J—mmy’s race ;
‘ Give ample room and verge enough
‘ To mark revenge, defeat, disgrace.
‘ Mark the month, and mark the day,
‘ The Senate widely echoing with the fray ;
‘ Commoner, Sizar, Pensioner, and Snob,
‘ Shouts of an undergraduate mob.

II. 2.

- ‘ Master of a mighty College,
‘ Without his robes behold him stand,
‘ Whom not a Whig will now acknowledge,
‘ Return his bow, or shake his hand.
‘ Is the sable Jackson fled ?
‘ Thy friend is gone—he hides his powder’d head.
‘ The Bedells, too, by whom the mace is borne ?
‘ Gone to salute the rising morn.

* Speakers of the Society.

' Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows ;
 ' While gently sidling through the crowded street,
 ' In scarlet robe, Clare's* tiny Master goes.
 ' Ware† clears the road, and Gunning† guides his
 feet,
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 ' That, hush'd in grim repose, marks J—mmy for its
 prey.

II. 3.

' Fill high the Audit bowl !
 ' The feast in hall prepare !
 ' ' Reft of his robes, he yet may share the feast,
 ' Close by the Master's chair.
 ' Contempt and laughter scowl
 ' A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.—
 ' Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 ' Gown to gown, and cap to cap ?
 ' Hark at the Johnian Gates each thund'ring rap,
 ' While thro' opposing Dons they move their way.
 ' Ye Johnian towers, old W——d's eternal shame,
 ' With many a midnight imposition fed,
 ' Revere his algebra's immortal fame,
 ' And spare the meek Mechanic's holy head.
 ' Each bristled *boar*‡ will bear no more,
 ' And meeting in the Combination Room,
 ' They stamp their vengeance deep, and ratify his
 doom.

* The Vice-Chancellor elect. † The Esquire Bedells.

‡ Johnian.

III. 1.

- ' J—mmy, lo ! to sudden fate,
 (Pass the wine—the liquor's good)
 ' Half of thy year we consecrate :
 ' The web is now what was the *wood*.
 ' But mark the scene beneath the Senate's height—
 ' See the petition's crowded skirts unroll,
 ' Visions of glory spare my aching sight,
 ' Unborn commencements crowd not on my soul.
 ' No more our Kaye*, our Thackeray,* we bewail ;
 ' All hail ! thou genuine Prince,†Britannia's issue hail !

III. 2.

- ' Heads of houses, Doctors bold,
 ' Sublime their hoods and wigs they rear ;
 ' Masters young, and Fellows old,
 ' In bombazeen and silk appear.
 ' In the midst a form divine,
 ' His eye proclaims him of the British line.
 ' What cheers of triumph thunder thro' the air,
 ' While the full tide of youthful thanks is pour'd !
 ' Hear from your chambers, Price‡ and Hibbert,‡ hear;
 ' Th' oppressor shrinks, the Union is restor'd.
 ' The treasurer flies to spread the news he brings,
 ' And wears, for triumph's sake, yet larger chitterlings.
 ' Fond, impious man, think'st thou thy puny fist,
 ' Thy " Wood-en Sword " has broke a British club ?
 ' The Treasurer soon augments our growing list,—
 ' We rise more numerous from this transient rub.

* Former Vice-Chancellors.

† The Chancellor.

‡ Speakers of the Society.

‘ Enough for me : with joy I see

‘ The different doom our fates assign ;

‘ Be thine contempt and big-wigged care,

‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong from the window’s height,

Deep in a dung-cart near, he plung’d to endless night.

During the next four years the Society existed merely as a Reading Club. In March 1821 the Vice-Chancellor agreed to the reinstatement of the Union on condition that, (1) No political questions of a date subsequent to 1800 should be discussed, and (2) no discussion should take place *re* any proposal for admission or rejection of periodicals.

In 1831 the Society left the Red Lion and took up its quarters at the Hoop, where we will leave it.

X.

College Barbers

DURING the early part of the 19th century most colleges had their own barber's shop. At Trinity the shop was just inside the gate near Bishop's Hostel, the barber being on the foundation like the cook. The Peterhouse barber used to come round the college in the morning, wake the men for Chapel, and shave them—the lazy ones in bed !* At King's the Provost was shaved at the expense of the College, the other members having to pay for their shaving. In some colleges the Fellows used to have their hair curled by the barber in the Combination Room, before any special festivity.

The following inimitable imitation of the "Bard" of Gray is ascribed to the pen of the Hon. Thomas Erskine, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, and appears in both the *Gradus* and the *Tart*, 1823. In those days no young man appeared in Hall without having previously received a visit from the hairdresser. Owing to the non-attendance of the College barber, Erskine was compelled to forego his *commons* in Hall. In revenge he sat down and wrote the following lines :—

' Ruin seize thee, scoundrel Coe,
Confusion on thy frizzling wait ;
Hadst thou the only comb below,
Thou never more shouldst touch my pate.

* Willis Clark.

Club, nor queue, nor twisted tail,
Nor e'en thy chatt'ring, barber, shall avail
To save thy horse-whipp'd back from daily fears
From Cantab's curse, from Cantab's tears.

Such were the sounds that o'er the powder'd pride
Of Coe, the barber, scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Jackson's slippery lane,
He wound, with puffy march, his toilsome, tardy
way.

In a room where Cambridge town
Frowns o'er the kennel's stinking flood,
Rob'd in a flannel pow'dring gown,
With haggard eyes, poor Erskine stood ;

(Long his beard and blowzy hair,
Stream'd like an old wig to the troubled air) ;
And, with clung guts, and face than razor thinner,
Swore the loud sorrows of his dinner.
“ Hark ! how each striking clock, and tolling bell,
With awful sounds, the hour of eating tell !
O'er *thee*, Oh, Coe ! their dreaded notes they wave ;
Soon shall such sounds proclaim thy yawning grave :
Vocal in vain, through all the ling'ring day,
The grace already said, the plates all swept away.” ’

XI.

Hall

IN 1812 undergraduates who appeared in Hall in trousers were considered as absent. In 1815 the Author of *Alma Mater*, about to attend his first Hall as a freshman, was threatened by the Master of Trinity that he would be "put out of commons" for appearing in trousers instead of breeches and gaiters: boots also were forbidden. The change to trousers was beginning to take place in 1824.

Food in Hall, for the undergraduate, was very simple, consisting of a joint and vegetables, the former being passed down the table each man hacking off a piece according to his taste:* sizings, such as sweets, etc. could be ordered as extras. The Sizars (or sizers) used to wait at table, but in 1825, this custom had recently ceased. Dinner was at 3 or 4 o'clock, after which the Fellows retired to the Combination room for a couple of hours, and if still more or less sober finished the evening with beakers of brandy. The average undergraduate attended a wine party after Hall and ended the evening with something hot.

The following Ode on a College Feast Day by an undergraduate, which appeared in the *Cambridge Tart* in 1823, is in many respects applicable to such a function to-day.

* Venn.

I.

Hark ! heard ye not yon foot-steps dread,
That shook the hall, with thundering tread !
With eager haste
The Fellows pass'd :
Each, intent on direful work,
High lifts his mighty blade, and points his deadly
fork.

II.

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth.
With steps, alas too slow,
The College Gyps, of high illustrious worth,
With all the dishes, in long order go :
In the midst a form divine
Appears the famed sirloin :
And soon with plumbs and glory crowned
Almighty pudding sheds its sweets around,
Heard ye the din of dinner bray ?
Knife to fork, and fork to knife :
Unnumber'd heroes in the glorious strife,
Thro' fish, flesh, pies, and puddings cut their
destin'd way.

III.

See beneath the mighty blade,
Gor'd with many a ghastly wound,
Low the famed sirloin is laid,
And sinks in many a gulph profound.
Arise, arise ye sons of glory !
Pies and puddings stand before ye.
See the ghost of hungry bellies,

Point at yonder stand of jellies ;
 While such dainties are beside ye,
 Snatch the goods the gods provide ye,
 Mighty rulers of this state,
 Snatch before it is too late ;
 For swift as thought the puddings, jellies, pies,
 Contract their giant bulk, and shrink to pigmy
 size.

IV.

From the table now retreating,
 All around the fire they meet,
 And, with wine, the sons of eating,
 Crown at length their mighty treat :
 Triumphant Plenty's rosy graces
 Sparkle in their jolly faces ;
 And mirth and cheerfulness is seen
 In each countenance serene,
 Fill high the sparkling glass
 And drink th' accustomed toast ;
 Drink deep ye mighty host,
 And let the bottle pass.
 Begin, begin the jovial strain ;
 Fill, fill the mystic bowl.
 And drink, and drink and drink again ;
 For drinking fires the soul.
 But soon, too soon, with one accord they reel ;
 Each on his seat begins to nod ;
 All conquering Bacchus' pow'r they feel,
 And pour libations to the jolly God.
 At length with dinner, and with wine oppress'd,
 Down in their chairs they sink, and give
 themselves to rest.

XII.

Colloquial or Cant Terms peculiar to the University of Cambridge in 1824

DURING the past hundred years a large number of these terms have become obsolete or have changed their meaning : it has therefore been deemed advisable to include them in this little volume, and the compiler of it feels no compunction in doing so, in spite of the crudity of some of these expressions, owing to the fact that the "*Gradus ad Cantabrigiam*" (in which they appeared) proved acceptable to the undergraduates of 1824.

Aegrotat.—Permission to be absent from Chapel and lecture, on account of corporeal indisposition—though commonly, the real complaint is much more serious ; viz. indisposition of the mind !

A reading Aegrotat.—This is an illness which entirely affects the head.

Alma Mater.—The Deity presiding over those, whose happy destiny leads them to the shades of Granta, to tread the Mathematical path of Truth, or to wander in the more elegant parterres of Classic Lore.

Apollo.—One whose hair is loose and flowing ; Un-frizzled, unanointed, and untied.

Apostles.—The XII. last on the list of Bachelors of Arts : A degree lower than *οἱ πολλοί*.

Barnwell Ague.—The French ***. The Ague, so called ironically, rages also at Castle-End.

Bene Discessit.—A student leaving his college to enter another with the consent of the master and fellows—A paper stating in Latin, that you're a decent sort of a fellow, but can be spared. It is a sort of character from your last place.

Bitch.—To bitch—A Bitching Party. The phrase is very common at Cambridge. A young man who performs with great dexterity the honours of the tea table, is, if complimented at all ! said to be an excellent Bitch. (N.B.—This term appears to have been used by undergraduates *and* fellows).

Bosky.—*Vino gravis titubare videtur*, devotees of Bacchus, or rather of Bishop, or peradventure of audit ale.

Bull dogs.—Formerly applied to the students of Trinity ; now the *nom de guerre* of the Proctor's satellites.

Buzz.—This term is best explained and illustrated by the subsequent relation.

“ What surprised me most, and, I am free to confess, nettled me a little, was the following incident. A pert jacka-napes at my elbow, who had just helped himself to half a glass of wine, briskly pushed towards me the decanter, containing a tolerable bumper ; and exclaimed—Sir I buzz you : come no heel taps !—Not understanding the phrase, I required an explanation of this extraordinary conduct ; when my friend the president, replied that I must drink up the whole, for such was the custom.”

(*A Visit to Cambridge*. Gent's Mag., Vol. 64.)

Cantab.—The much envied title of every son of Alma Mater.

Castle End.—A place situated at the extremity of the town, of equal fame with Barnwell, of olden time. This place receives frequent visits from the Proctors.

Catherine Puritans.—Members of Catherine Hall, from *Καθαίρω*.

Christians.—Members of Christ College.

Clarians.—Members of Clare Hall.

Copus.—A quart of ale.

Cover-A**e-Gown.—Better known as the Bum-curtain, one, like the toga of the Romans, without sleeves. An undergraduate's gown at St. John's, Sidney, Benet, Emmanuel, Christ's, Caius, Magdalene and Pembroke.

Culminate.—To mount a coach box. The University bucks are then in the meridian of their glory.—*Harry*. Why, You're a high fellow, Charles. *Goldfinch*. To be sure ! I know the odds ! hold four-in-hand—turn a corner in style—reins in form—elbows square, wrists pliant, hayait ! drive the stage twice a week, pay for an inside place, mount the box, tip the coachee a crown, beat the mail, come in full speed, rattle down the gateway, take care of your head, never killed but woman and a child in all my life,—will you cut a card ? —hide in the hat ? —heads or tails ? —gallop the maggot ? —swim the hedge-hog ? — anything ? (*Road to ruin*).

To be cut.—To be half seas over.—He has cut his leg—periphrasis, he is drunk.

Also used in other senses.—A visitor to Cambridge remarks that the word CUT is used in a

sense totally unintelligible. "A man has been cut in Chapel, cut in his tutor's rooms, cut at a ball, etc.

On the other hand he may cut a figure, cut chapel lectures, etc. One ferocious spirit was heard to solemnly declare, that he was resolved to cut every man of Magdalene College : concluding, with an oath, that they were a parcel of rippish quizzes."

Day-light ; or Sky-light, is the easy attained science of hard drinking, when the glass is not a bumper.

Descendas.—A doubtful compliment paid to those unfortunate wights who are appointed to deliver Declamations in Chapel.

To Dish an argument.—To confute it.

Dormiat.—To take out a dormiat. Phr. a license to sleep. The licensed person is excused from attending early prayers in Chapel, from a plea of being really indisposed, *i.e.* to attend !

To Fag.—To learn and labour, to read hard.

Fellows (*socii*).—Peers of the University.

"They eat, and drink, and sleep, what then ?

They eat, and drink, and sleep, again.

Without his joke, not one will pass

My huge rotundity of——.

What food for each sarcastic lubber,

This load of adventitious blubber :

No less conspicuous, let me tell ye,

Will be my far projecting belly ;

Which thanks to good sirloin and port,

Looks like the bastion of a fort."

Fellow Commoners.—Students (*a non studendo*) who are, in appearances, the most shining men in the

University—their gowns are richly trimmed with gold or silver lace—their caps are covered with velvet, the tassels to which are of gold or silver. These gentlemen enjoy the privilege of cracking their bottles, and their jokes, if they have one, in the public parlour, or Combination Room, where they are literally “Hail fellow well met.” It were almost endless to enumerate the privileges which these gentlemen enjoy by virtue of *hereditary talents*, instilled into their breeches pockets.

They have been nicknamed “Empty Bottles,” “Useless Members,” and the Licensed sons of Ignorance.”

Gaudies.—Certain elegant set outs where men in their own rooms enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* like hearty good fellows, there being on such occasions no lack of “solids,” or Hock, Claret and Champagne.

Golgotha.—The place of Sculls, where the Heads of Houses sit at St. Mary’s in awful array.

Groats.—To save his Groats, to come off handsomely.

Harry Sophs.—(*ἐπίσοφος*) students who have kept all the terms required for a law act, and hence are ranked as Bachelots of Law by courtesy.

Hat Fellow Commoner.—The son of a nobleman, a Baronet, or elder son of a Baronet, who wears the gown of a Fellow Commoner with a hat, and is admitted to the degree of A.M. after two years’ residence.

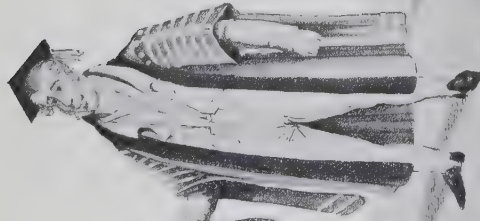
Hills.—The Gogmagog Hills. A common morning ride.

“Where have you been sporting your bit-o’-blood?”

“Just to the Hills and back.”



Married.



St. John's.



Emmanuel.



Trinity.



Downing.

FELLOW COMMONERS

Huddling.—Huddle: to confuse and puzzle a candidate in an examination.

Jesuit.—A Member of Jesus College.

To Jobe.—To reprove or reprimand.

Jobation.—A sharp reprimand from the Dean.

Johnian Hogs.—Members of St. John's College.

Lark.—A spree, a row, anything out-and-out, whether it consists in upsetting a snob, or topping a five barr'd gate, or boning a knocker, or demolishing a lamp.

Lions.—Strangers, or visitors at the University.

To take a lounge.—To saunter about the town.

Loungers.—Ambulatory students.

Lounging book.—A novel.

Malting.—Quaffing Audit and other ales.

Master of Arts Coffee House.—Where M.A.'s meet, take their coffee, and read the papers, and relate anecdotes "of the men of our College."

Nescio.—"To sport a Nescio"; to shake the head, a signal that there is nothing in it.

Nobleman.—Allowed to proceed to a degree without keeping the usual number of terms, nor the usual solemnity of ceremonies or commencements! This statute is strictly observed.

(Note.—In 1825, the year following the publication of the *Gradus*, a grace was passed requiring noblemen to be examined before admission to any degree.)

Non Ens.—A Freshman who has not been matriculated, although he has resided sometime at the University.

Pensioners.—A rank of students between Fellow Commoners and Sizers.

Pit.—The place of St. Mary's reserved for the accommodation of Masters of Arts, and Fellow Commoners.

The noblemen sit in Golgotha, the Bachelors of Arts mix promiscuously with the undergraduates, in the gallery. The Proctors sit in the Pit, and make a very awful appearance.

Polloi.—*οἱ πολλοί*, those who take their degree without any honours.

Quiz.—One who affects the violence of Singularity in all he does.

Raff.—A dirty, vulgar fellow; one whose vices are not the vices of a gentleman.

Retro.—A behind hand accompt.

To Sconce.—To impose a fine.

Scraping.—Shuffling of the feet.

Simeonites.—Disciples and followers of the reverend and pious Charles Simeon, M.A., Fellow of King's College.

Snobs.—A term applied indiscriminately to all who have not the honour of being Members of the University; but in a more particular manner to the *profanum Vulgus*, the tag-rag, and Bob-tail, who vegetate on the sedgy bank of the Camus; and who appear to have a natural antipathy to the Gens Togata.

Sophs.—Students in their last year.

Sophish.—Gown.—One that bears the marks of having seen a great deal of service;—"a thing of shreds and patches."

Spinning House.—An ergastulum; a house of labour and correction; a prison for prostitutes under

the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors. Those of whom they take cognizance, are *Omnes pronubas meretrices et mulieres incontinentes notabiliter delinquentes*.

To sport a door.—To break it open.

Tardy.—To be noticed for coming late into chapel.

Thirding.—A custom practised at the University, where two-thirds of the original price is allowed by the Upholsterers to the Students for household goods returned them within the year.

XIII.

College Nicknames

ACCORDING to *Alma Mater*, *Gradus ad Cantabrigiam*, *Facetiae Cantabrigienses*, and the *Cambridge Tart*, the following College "sobriquets" were freely used in the early twenties of the last century.

CAIUS.—The men of this college were supposed to be particularly fond of good eating and drinking.

"The sons of culinary kays

Smoking from the eternal treat" (*Gradus*).

and again—

"Know ye the College where men never shine

In aught but in quaffing the juice of the vine?"

(From *The New Caius Gown*, 1835)

ST. CATHERINES.—CATS men were known as Catherine Puritans or *doves*.

CHRISTS.—Men were called *Christians*.

CLARE.—Clarians or Clare-Hall *Grey-hounds*.

"Dropt she her fan beneath her hoop,

E'en stake-stuck Clarians strove to stoop." (*Tart*)

ST. JOHN'S.—For some unaccountable reason Johnnians were always called *Johnnian Hogs*. One theory as to the origin of this expression is based on the legend of a Johnnian who in the 18th century seized a young pig which was being driven with others down Trinity Street and took it into his rooms. The "Literature" of a hundred years

ago teems with references to the Johnian Hog. The College is referred to as the *Stye*, a piece of land between St. John's and Trinity is called the Isthmus of *Sues*, and the bands on the college gowns are referred to as the *crackling*.

"Each Johnian in responsive airs
Fed with the tickling dust his snout." (*Tart*).

The following anecdote is related in the *Facetiae* :—

"A waggish genius espying a coffee-house waiter carrying a dish to a Johnian who was seated in the next box, asked if it was a dish of grains ?

The Johnian immediately wrote on the window—

Says —, the Johns eat grains ; suppose it true,

They pay for what they eat ; does he so too ? "

In the same book is related that "On a day a Trinitarian, brimful of wine, was passing by the sign of the *Blue Boar* (which had recently been newly painted and richly gilt), when the sign attracted his attention, and, nimbly climbing the post from which it hung suspended, he in an instant wrenched it from the hinges and dashed it to the ground, exclaiming "D—— me, if a *Johnian* shall wear a *blue gown* ! "

The *Gradus* contains the following poem to John's men—

"Ye Johnishe men, that have no other care,
Save onelie for such foode as ye prepare,
To gorge youre foule polluted trunckes withal ;

Meere swine ye be, and such your actyons all ;
Like themme ye runne, such be your leaden pace,
Nor soule nor reasonne shynethe in your face."

KINGS.—Kingsmen.

" Ev'n gloomiest Kingsmen, pleased awhile,
Grin horribly a ghastly smile." (*Tart*).

JESUS.—Men of this College were called Jesuits.

MAGDALENE.—Simeonites or *Maudlin Rats*.

QUEENS.—Queensmen, also followers of the " Apostolic Simeon " (The Rev. Charles Simeon, the pious inventor of Skeleton's sermons) " In this vocabulary—Bene Potus is no longer a four bottle man, but one who has discussed his seventh cup of Souchong."

SIDNEY.—Known also as the *Dust-hole*, the men being called *Owls*.

TRINITY.—Trinitarians or *Trinity Bulldogs*.

THE HALL.—Known as the *Gay College*—" the most lawless of all the seventeen of them."

XIV.

The Student's Farewell

I.

FAREWELL to the towers ! farewell to the bowers !
Where the sage wizard Art all his charms hath
displayed ;
And sweet science cowers, amongst blooming flowers,
In gay robes of glory majestic array'd.

II.

Farewell, banks of Camus ! thou fair scenes of blisses,
The Muse, Love's, and Graces, invincible seat !
Your silver soft stream, like the tide of Illyssus,
Aye, fresher than airs of Hygieia's retreat.

III.

Ye cloisters low bending, and proudly extending,
To cherish young Genius and Taste in your gloom ;
The spirit befriending, as softly descending,
It mounts in pure incense to heav'n's vaulted dome :—

IV.

From you I must sever ; then farewell for ever,
Each heart honor'd object that swells my last theme ;
The world is a field I must enter, but never
Can aught charm my soul like your shade *Academe* !

** Cambridge Tart, 1823.*

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